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POETRY.

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HOW DOTH DEATH SPEAK OF OUR BE-
LOVED?

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low —
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place,
With light as from an angel's face;

Recalling with resistless force
And tracing to their hidden source
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course;

This little loving fond device,
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which too late we learn the price!

Opening our weeping eyes to trace
Simple, unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten notes of tenderness,

Which evermore to us must be
Sacred as hymns of infancy,
Learned listening at a mother's knee.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
Then let Love antedate Death's work,
And do this *now*!

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low —
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,
Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.

It shows how such a vexing deed
Was but a generous nature's weed,
On some choice virtue run to seed;

How that small fretting fretfulness
Was but love's over-anxiousness,
Which had not been had love been less.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
Then let Love antedate Death's work,
And do this *now*!

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low —
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It takes each failing on our part,
And brands it in upon the heart
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pained,
A giant stature will have gained
When it can never be explained.

The little service which had proved
How tenderly we watched and loved,
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved;

The little gift from out our store,
Which might have cheered some cheerless
hour,
When they with earth's poor needs were
poor,
But never will be needed more!

O Christ, our life, foredate the work of Death,
And do this *now*!
Thou who art Love, thus hallow our beloved!
Not Death, but Thou!

MARCH.

HE comes, the month of storms, his features
cast

In ice, with train of sleet and whelming flood;
With devastation on his stormy blast,
And blighting hopes just in their early bud.

He comes, the month of ice and biting frost;
And homeless wanderers, shivering in his
breath,

Friendless, on waves of fell misfortune tossed,
Sink in Despair's dark sea, and welcome
death.

He goes, the king of winter's retinue,
And, like a pitying conqueror, bestows
Blossoms of flower and fruit, that spring to view
To heal the wounds left by his frosts and
snows.

He dies, and in his death-throe heaves a sigh
That wakes to life sweet Spring's long slum-
bering eye.

Tinsley's Magazine.

HIDDEN IN LIGHT.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,
The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,
And smile for joy. We say, "How fair they
are,

Tree, rock, and heather-bloom so clear and
bright!"

But when the sun draws near in westerling
might,

Enfolding all in one transcendent blaze
Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze
And wonder at the glorious, holy light.

Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness! that we,
Whose swift short hours of day so swiftly run,
So overflowed with love and light may be,

Lost in the glory of the nearing Sun,
That not our light but Thine, may brightly
shine,

New praise to Thee through our poor lives
be won!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Sunday Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
EXPLORATIONS.

Of all the kinds of offerings which are tendered to the supreme public, none is so safe from depreciation and neglect as that which gives accounts of unknown or imperfectly-known regions of the earth. A strong natural curiosity prompts us to delight in the information therein given; in acquiring the information we of necessity become acquainted with the personal adventures of the traveller; we learn at what cost and risk our gratification has been procured for us; and we feel a personal regard for the author. As a bearer of new and interesting knowledge, and as a hero greater or less, he establishes a double claim on our goodwill; and if his work has any merit at all, he may calculate on a gracious recognition. The great progress of science, however, and the precise accurate methods of conducting explorations in our day, have — paradoxical as the assertion may seem — raised up a barrier between travellers and the great bulk of the people. If the information which we receive now be far more reliable and satisfying than that which used to reach our fathers in times past, it is more slowly procured, and is communicated with more caution, and in greater detail. Startling discoveries and connections cannot be allowed to rest upon the opinion of the traveller alone, but must be confirmed or supported by a collection of careful evidence, that will bear to be sifted by keen philosophical brains. Imagination has to be sternly and habitually subordinated to judgment; there must be no jumping at conclusions, no announcement of surmises as if they were established facts, however astonishing and interesting such facts might be if they could be proved; the steps of the most alluring research must be patiently registered, and proof must be advanced upon proof, with the order and severity of a mathematical demonstration. It follows, therefore, that the narrations reflect the minds and feelings of the writers somewhat less than they did of old, and that the highly valuable facts which they report are involved in a covering of details, and are not to be reached but at an expense of

some time and labour. But the greater part of the busy world cannot bestow the necessary time and labour, and that is what was meant when it was said above that the very truthfulness and minuteness with which modern research is recorded raises up a barrier between writer and reader which did not exist in times when writers could do things in their own way, and compose with an eye to their readers' convenience. This being so, it seems to us that an acceptable service may be done by giving a short account of some results of explorations, of the means used, and of the adventures encountered, while passing over the more tedious details. The idea of so doing occurred to us while lately most agreeably occupied in following the footsteps of different searchers who have been laboriously examining lands and sites which in times past were powerful kingdoms and cities, which have always continued famous, though their greatness has long since passed away, and the remains of which, associated as they are with our earliest lessons and emotions, must interest us in a high degree.

As surpassing all other regions in our regard, precedence is due to the Holy Land and countries adjoining, where the greatest energy has been exercised with a view to presenting an accurate and complete description of their appearance and topography, to identifying the scenes of events recorded in the sacred writings, and to ascertaining what was the aspect of the land and the form of its edifices — more particularly of the famous Temple — in the times to which those writings refer. The Palestine Exploration has been effected as far as it has been carried out, and is still being prosecuted, principally by officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, but in part by enterprising civilians who have joined in the examination. The first object of the Royal Engineer expeditions (of which there have been several, the first having gone out in 1864) was to obtain an accurate survey of the country, with views of the most important places, and a full report of proceedings and observations: the second was

to explore beneath the present surface of the ground about Jerusalem and other noted places, and to realize, if possible, their ancient figures and construction from an examination of their foundations and buried remains. The superficial surveys were made by Captains Wilson and Palmer, and by Lieutenant Anderson, Royal Engineers; the excavations were the work of Captain Warren, Royal Engineers. The Holy City was measured and mapped with all the accuracy which is observed in the operations of the Ordnance Survey at home, and special surveys were made of two hills in the Sinaitic peninsula; but the surveys of other parts of Palestine and of a part of Arabia were, to use a military phrase, *reconnaissances*; that is to say, such plans or maps as engineers and staff-officers on active service are able to make rapidly of parts of the theatre of war—prominent points of the country are fixed as accurately as can be done by pocket-instruments, minor points are laid down according to judgment, the judgment being assisted occasionally by angles and compass-bearings; and the details are sketched in by aid of the eye alone. An accomplished surveyor will in a very short time make a general map of astonishing accuracy by this last method. All maps, views, and measurements of Palestine or its parts were of course sent home with the reports, so that the societies and persons connected with, and interested in, the explorations, could, sitting at their desks in England, follow every move of the examiners, and draw their inferences and conclusions almost as readily as if they had been on the spot. The means adopted for exploring beneath the surface we will state when we come to speak of Captain Warren's subterranean work, and we will find an opportunity for saying something of the personal adventures of the members of the expeditions; but in the first place it will perhaps be more convenient to give some account of what was accomplished and ascertained. In doing this we will not follow the order in which the researches were made, but begin with that investigation the subject of which is related to

events of oldest date. Accordingly it is to the examination of the Sinaitic peninsula—which was made in 1868, after the survey of Jerusalem had been accomplished—that we first draw attention. This peninsula, as most of our readers are aware, is included between the gulfs of Suez and Akaba, and lies altogether north of the Red Sea of modern geographers. But perhaps it may not be so widely known that, up to the year 1868, this peninsula—which is close to the isthmus—had never been thoroughly explored, and that no one traveller who penetrated its defiles had traversed more than two of the routes of the desert. This is remarkable in an age when the Egyptian deserts have been intersected by railways, and communication with India has been long established by way of Suez. But in truth this interesting region never could or would have been satisfactorily inspected so long as the task of searching it should have been left to enterprising individuals travelling alone or in small bands. The country is mountainous, wild, and rugged; its desolation is such that merely to make good a passage to and from its recesses is a tax which the energies of few adventurers would bear: but making the passage is a feat very far short of taking in the features of the whole ground, and comparing routes, and heights, and pools and torrents, and forms of hills, so as to determine the points which most nearly answer to those mentioned in the Exodus. The Rev. F. W. Holland, whose account we are following, says: "Few countries present to the view so wild an aspect. The mountains appear heaped together in utter confusion, and they are intersected in every direction by deep valleys, which, in the lapse of ages, have been cut out by the winter torrents." Clearly, then, the daring wanderer who could say that he had come and seen, could not reasonably claim to have overcome the difficulties of this intricate topography. Many a one flattered himself that he had solved perplexing problems, and come back with some, at least, of the desired information: but he was sure to find that another was equally positive, and not less

plausible, in a different view. There were no ready means of bringing the conflicting opinions to a common test; and so, while each defended his own theories, the civilized world remained as much as ever in doubt as to the exact track of those memorable wanderings with which it was spiritually so familiar, the obsolete names of whose stations were household words in its vocabulary, and whose trials and dangers are a shadow of the lives of just men of all times, seeking with patience and fortitude the way to their promised rest.

Thus a well organized and appointed expedition was indispensable to the successful exploration of the peninsula; and in order that the exploration, when made, should even partially dissipate the mists of ages, good maps and views must form part of the achievement. Besides these things the exigencies of the service demanded that the Arabic names should be thoroughly understood and considered and compared on the ground, so as to guard against not only accidental and innocent errors of nomenclature, but also against the wilful deceptions which the suspicious nature of the Arabs leads them to practise on strangers who evince curiosity about the land. And it was desirable, although not imperative, that the natural history of the peninsula should receive attention. It will be seen that provision was made in the expedition of 1868 for the fulfilment of all these conditions. The Rev. F. W. Holland, whom we quoted above, and who had made three previous visits to the neighbourhood of Sinai, made one of the adventurers, to act, as he modestly puts it, in the capacity of guide; but it is clear that his experience, zeal, and acumen were of the greatest assistance in regard to the main objects of the expedition. Mr. E. H. Palmer, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, whose intimate knowledge of Arabic made his services invaluable, was another of the band. Mr. Wyatt went to collect specimens of natural history. These with Captains Wilson and Palmer, Royal Engineers, before mentioned, were the leaders. Then there was a Serjeant-major, R. E., who was an expert photo-

grapher, and four other non-commissioned officers of the corps, selected from the companies that are attached to the Ordnance Survey. The party started with a caravan of forty-two camels, attended by forty Arab drivers. Thus there was the greatest probability that the exploration would this time be thorough and accurate, and the evidence incontrovertible.

Before stating the strong testimony furnished by this expedition, and the important conclusions to which it leads, it may be well to premise that the names of places given in the Exodus have all perished, or if any of them endure it is in altered forms, so that they of themselves contribute very little to identification. Hence the field for speculation as to the route of the Israelites after they left Egypt has been very wide; and some writers, who have given attention to the subject, have doubted whether the wilderness of the wanderings was in the so-called Sinaitic peninsula at all. But these writers who have so doubted have been few; tradition is altogether in favour of the peninsula; and the Rev. Mr. Holland, before giving the evidence obtained in the territory itself, makes it sufficiently clear that the claims of the peninsula are, from the witness of Scripture, so strong as to entirely warrant the search in that direction for further knowledge. He shows that, from the number of the journeys (three) from the land of Goshen to the sea-shore, the sea which was reached could be no other than that which is now called the Gulf of Suez; also, that after the passage of the sea, the course was at first southward along its eastern shore: so that, concurrently with the Biblical account, the scenes of the earlier wanderings and of the delivery of the law could have been nowhere else than on the peninsula. It must be remembered, too, that the Egyptians, even of that remote time, were amazingly advanced in intelligence and ability: it is known—for the hieroglyphic records may be read on the rocks and the remains of the mines seen to this day—that somewhere near the centre and to the eastward of the peninsula, they had

mines of metal and precious stones: it is known, also, that there was at the time of the exodus an Egyptian settlement inland to the eastward of the gulf. There would, of course, be communication between this settlement and Egypt round the head of the gulf; so that if Moses desired, as no doubt he did, to avoid collision with the Egyptians, his only course was to march southwards by the sea, as we are told that he did. It being thus taken as proved by the explorers that Mount Sinai lay within the peninsula, their first care was to identify the mountain. There is no hill bearing that name now; and as to traditions, though there were plenty of them, they did not agree, and it was impossible to distinguish those which might have been merely monkish from those which might have come down from older days. Hence there was none but topographical evidence—the form, the surroundings, and the approaches—by which the identification could be arrived at. Sinai must be a mountain rising abruptly from a plain, because (Deut. iv. 11) the people came near and stood under it; moreover, in Exodus xix. 11, 17, it is said that the mount could be touched, and that the people stood at the nether part of it. It must also be a separate and distinct hill, because bounds were set about it, as we read in verse 12 of the above-mentioned chapter of Exodus. There must be a spacious area before it, because the whole congregation was assembled at its base to receive the law. And there must be a supply of water and pasturage in the neighbourhood. Now there are only two hills in the peninsula which have ever been thought to satisfy these conditions. One of them, Jebel Musa, is about 45 miles due north from the southern point of the peninsula; the other, Jebel Serbal, is a little further to the north, but much more to the west, being less than 20 miles from the coast of the Gulf of Suez. The former is 7375, the latter 6735 feet high. The object of the explorers being not so much to put forth speculations of their own, as to give to all interested in the subject means of judging for themselves, they set to work and surveyed both of these mountains and the ground surrounding them, making in either case a map of about 17 square miles, on a scale of six inches to the mile. They also, from the survey measurements, made models. Now, on the dispute between the favourers of the respective hills*

* See the whole case stated in Dr. Lepsius' *Letters*

being tested in view of the maps and models, the pretensions of Jebel Serbal, the mountain near the shore of the gulf, are seen to dwarf immediately. It has properties which no doubt seemed convincing to those who did not see its rival, or who, visiting the other hill, could not compare save mentally the merits of the two: "In massive ruggedness, and in boldness of feature and outline, Jebel Serbal unquestionably presents an aspect unequalled by any other mountain in the peninsula. . . . It has a greater command than almost any other mountain over the surrounding country, and looks more imposing from the valleys beneath." But it seems to have been the grandeur of its appearance alone which led to its being thought to be Sinai. It cannot be comprehensively seen from any point in the valleys near its base; and it is necessary to ascend one of the neighbouring hills to view the whole range of its magnificent peaks. No one of those peaks is so separated from the others that it could be enclosed by bounds. There is no spot which could have served as a camping-ground. The only two valleys which run away from the mount are wildernesses of boulders and torrent-beds; and the space between the valleys, which was once thought to be a plain, proves to be a chaos of rugged mountains rising to the height of 2500 feet, and intersected by deep ravines. The explorers, after spending several weeks in its neighbourhood, and after examining it most closely, as well as carefully mapping and modelling it, came to the conclusion that it cannot possibly be the Mount of the Law. This opinion, supported as it is by the documents, will, we expect, become general, and we shall hear no more of Jebel Serbal as a probable or a possible Sinai. It is otherwise with Jebel Musa. This mountain rises precipitously from the bottom of the plain of Er-Râhah to a height of about 2000 feet. It is distinctly visible from every part of the plain. It is a mountain which can be touched, and about which bounds can be set. In front of it thousands of people could be assembled. Near it are the requisite springs and pasture. Its peaks have been described by the Dean of Westminster as "standing out in lonely grandeur against the sky like a huge altar." Writing of Er-Râhah Mr. Holland says: "The plain itself is

from Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Peninsula of Sinai." The learned author, at the time of writing, was in favor of Jebel Serbal.

upwards of two miles long, and half a mile broad, and slopes gradually down from the watershed on the north to the foot of Ras Sufsáfah.* About 300 yards from the actual base of the mountain there runs across the plain a low, semi-circular mound, which forms a kind of natural theatre; while further distant, on either side of the plain, the slopes of the enclosing mountains would afford seats to an almost unlimited number of spectators. The members of our expedition were as unanimous in their conviction that the Law was given from Ras Sufsáfah to the Israelites assembled in the plain of Er-Ráhah, as they had been unanimous in rejecting Serbal as the Mount of the giving of the Law." Until some unsuspected positive evidence may be presented to us, we may therefore rest assured that we know the mountain whose pretensions to be Sinai exceed those of any other. The point has been determined as far as examination of the ground can determine it, and the fancies of travellers can no longer have power to disturb a belief which can be effected by only direct testimony.

Notwithstanding the irresistible claims of Jebel Musa itself, we should be much embarrassed if the few circumstances given in the Pentateuch of the passage of the children of Israel from Rameses to Sinai should prove to be inconsistent with any practicable route from a cultivated part of Egypt to Jebel Musa. But the surveys and examinations showed that an itinerary can be laid down so generally agreeable to the Scriptural account that the stations eastward of the sea may all be placed in it. The three days' march in Egypt—first, from Rameses to Succoth, next to Etham, and last to Pi-hahiroth—were in the first place so directed as to take the fugitives past the head of the Gulf of Suez; but, by divine command (Exod. xiv. 2), it turned on the third day to the south, so as to strike the sea. Whatever may have been the angle of inclination, it is clear that the length of one day's journey would not reach very low down the coast: we may therefore fairly assume that the camp from which the miraculous passage of the Red Sea was made was not far south of where the town of Suez now stands.† On the Ara-

bian side of the gulf, eight miles below the town, are some pools which have been dug in the sand, lying now amid palm-trees and gardens. It is probable that water may have been always procurable here by a little digging; the spot is likely, therefore, to have been the first resting-place of the chosen people after they had witnessed the signal discomfiture of their enemies, and to have been that which echoed with their songs of triumph. It is known as "The Wells of Moses;" and although the name may have been given long after the flight of the Israelites, this is proof that inhabitants of the land before our time regarded this as one of their stations. After leaving their first encampment on the Arabian coast, the children of Israel, we are told, went three days' journey in the wilderness and found no water. Their progress—encumbered as they were with women and children, and old people, and flocks and herds, and spoil—would hardly be more than 12 miles a day; so it seems to tally well with the Scriptural account that the next water to be found south of the Wells of Moses is at a distance, as the wayfarer must travel, of about 35 miles therefrom, and that this water is unwholesome and bitter. This place may be the Marah of Scripture; but it is also possible the wandering host may have left it on their right altogether, and passed on to a well on higher ground a few miles further on, to which tradition points as Marah. Howarah is the modern name of the supposed Marah: it is but a small water-hole, yet there are signs of its having been much larger in former days. Hitherto there has been a difficulty about these three day's march through the desert, because, according to the accounts of all travellers who had traversed the ground, nothing in the shape of pasturage was to be found, only some scanty shrubs. But our surveyors, by their more complete examination, have cleared up this matter: by keeping closer to the sea than the more common track, pasture may be found. Elim is the next station named, where there were twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm-trees. The exact site of this Elim cannot be agreed upon; not because a place answering the description cannot be found, but because there are many which would correspond. Water begins to be plentiful about this part of the route, and surrounding some of the water-pools there still are, and surrounding others there may have been, clusters of trees. There

* The name of the northern peak of Jebel Musa.

† The position of the head of the gulf might be very different now from what it was so many centuries ago; but some ancient ruins have been found very near to the present Suez, and this and other considerations lead to the belief that the Red Sea was passed not far below that town.

is a long valley named Gharundel, in which there are springs which run freely and fill many pools along its length. The water, too, when fresh, is very drinkable. We have now to find the Wilderness of Sin, and this our travellers identify with the plain of El Murkah, a long desert extending some twenty miles by the seashore. Here the children of Israel remained some time, and here were first received the memorable gifts of manna and quails. Between the southern border of the Wilderness of Sin and the plains near the mountain Jebel Musa, which, as we have said, is now believed to be Sinai, are only four journeys, which may have been performed on consecutive days, but not necessarily so. About the route from the desert to Sinai the explorers are quite agreed; but of two of the stations the Scripture gives simply the names, and there is no use in attempting to find them exactly. The third station is one to which the greatest interest attaches—namely, Rephidim—where Moses struck the rock and brought forth water, and where the Israelites under the command of Joshua fought their first battle. Close to it must be the hill on which Moses stood to witness the engagement: “And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. And so when Moses’ hands were heavy they brought him a stone to sit on, and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands until the going down of the sun, when Amalek was thoroughly discomfited. Now there are two places on the way either of which may have been the scene of these memorable deeds: the explorers are unanimous in supposing that one or other of them is Rephidim, but they are not all in favour of either. When it is remembered that this is the only point of importance on which, after their patient and painstaking investigation, they were not in entire consent, we see how powerfully the survey has dispersed an immense amount of speculation and doubt which till now has been obscuring the evidence of the valleys and hills.

The progress of the Israelites after they left the vicinity of Sinai was not investigated by the expedition. The work which they did perform—namely, the identification of Sinai, and of the route to it from Egypt, described in Exodus—occupied them from November 1868, to April 1869. They carried with them all the necessities of life, including water. From Suez to Sinai was to them a journey

of ten days; for they proceeded, in the first instance, as rapidly as they could to Jebel Musa, where, at the convent of St. Catherine, they established a depot for their stores. The explorers, however, did not take up their quarters in the convent, but lived always under canvas. The special survey of the Jebel Musa region was the operation first commenced; but the weather became so cold at the end of the year that they were compelled to interrupt this survey, and to move to more sheltered ground. As they were less exposed in the valleys near Jebel Serbal, they made the special survey of that mountain and its environs in the depth of winter, some of the party making excursions and carrying on other investigations while the survey proceeded. Then they went back to Jebel Musa and completed the survey of that part. The *reconnaissances* were effected at convenient opportunities; and the result is, that besides the two special surveys above named, seven hundred miles of route-survey, showing the course of the principal valleys, were completed, making, with the *reconnaissances*, a map of more than 4000 square miles of country. After first reaching the convent the party travelled generally on foot, the camels carrying their provisions, implements, and stores. Toils, risks, and privations seem to have fallen to their share in plenty; but they had patience and energy sufficient to cope with all difficulties; their work was faithfully done; and they have presented us with documents of surpassing value.

In 1864-65, Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Anderson made a *reconnaissance* of part of the Holy Land. They began at the northern frontier and surveyed the western highlands of Palestine from Mount Hermon to Jerusalem, taking in as much ground to the right and left of the highest ridge as they conveniently could. There is only one short break in this survey, at a point where, from the ruggedness of the region and the wars of the tribes of Bedouins which were going on at this point rather hotly, the connection was lost. It is the first map of any portion of the Holy Land that has been constructed from actual survey; it must be largely added to before a complete map can be furnished; but the extension will be far less difficult than the fundamental survey; and the benefits to science already resulting from what has been done are so great, that there is very little doubt of the survey being completed. Those benefits, of course, are mainly the aid

given to students of the sacred writings; but there are more than that, for it seems that we are beginning to open up ancient sites and buildings hitherto not known to be recognizable, and we have a glimpse of the geography of a not very remote land, which, independently of its grand associations, we are bound to be acquainted with. A few memoranda of the things already established by the survey will abundantly prove the service that has been done; so we will proceed to state what some of those points and places are, which, although they have for ages been seen by every religious mind, have never till to-day obtained their rightful recognition by geography.

The site of the encampment of Abram and Lot at the time when their herdmen quarrelled, consequently the spot on which Abram and his nephew came to the agreement that they would separate, can now be determined very approximately. It was a hill between Bethel and Hai; and Bethel (now Beitin) and the heap which once was Ai, have been laid down in the survey. From this hill, as we know, is visible the Dead Sea, which in Abram's day was the vale of Siddim, and the whole plain of Jordan, so that Abram's altar must have stood within a limited area. The survey of the vale of Jordan also enables us to estimate properly the brilliancy of the exploit which Abram performed in effecting the punishment of the *reguli* and the rescue of Lot. In this very vale of Siddim it was that the battle took place in which the native princes were beaten; and the invaders with their captives and spoil made off up the valley of the Jordan. Abram armed his retainers, and, with a following of three hundred and eighteen men, started in pursuit. The ground which he traversed can be seen now pretty much as it was in his day; for the deadness of that region for ages, which has caused the obscurity which is now being removed, has, at any rate, prevented much alteration of the natural features. Past Jericho and Gilgal the course leads up to Succoth and the Sea of Galilee, along the whole shore of which (afterwards a region of such celebrity) the pursuit must have been maintained; thence past the waters of Merom (now Lake Huleh) through the territories which were afterwards allotted to Naphtali and Dan, up to the sources of the river, across Mount Hermon, and beyond the boundaries of Canaan to Hoba, which is near Damascus. A smart chase indeed, over at least a hundred and

thirty English miles of difficult ground; and we see by studying the map what first-rate conduct it must have been that kept it up so vigorously, crowned it with a signal victory, and obtained from the excursion such complete success that all the captives and goods were brought back again to the cities of the plain.

The same site of the encampment of Abram and Lot is close to Bethel, where Jacob dreamt his well-known dream,—Bethel is but a ruin now; and on the other hand, that is, eastward, of the same site, is "Et Tel," *the heap*, which our surveyors had no hesitation in identifying as all that remains of Ai. Behind it is the valley where Joshua placed his ambush: the plain or ridge down which the men of Ai were drawn by the feigned retreat can still be seen; and opposite is the hill on which Joshua stood to give the signal to the men in ambush, who took the place "and made it an heap for ever, even a desolation unto this day." Bethel and Ai being fixed, there was but little difficulty in finding Shiloh, its relative position being accurately described in the Book of Judges. A little way from Shiloh is a spring which indicates the position of the vineyards where the daughters of Shiloh were dancing when the young men of Benjamin ran upon them and carried them away for wives. It was at Shiloh that Joshua divided the land, and it was here that the ark rested. The site is marked by a ruin now; "and a curious excavation in the rock in the side of the hill . . . might have been the actual spot where the ark rested, for its custodians would naturally select a place sheltered from the bleak winds that prevail in these highlands."

A little north of Shiloh the scene changes, the country becoming broken and rugged, with many and steep ravines; but this is softened down at length, and the intersecting valleys wind or stretch out in remarkable beauty. One of these sweet little valleys, not more than 100 yards wide, is enclosed by two mountains, each of which rises 1200 feet above the vale. Their bases almost touch, although the summits recede; and in the sides of both are circular indents facing each other, and so forming an amphitheatre capable of containing an immense concourse of people. Here stood, six tribes on one side and six on the other, the children of Israel to hear the words of the law and the blessings and cursings, as Moses had before directed that they should do. The northern mount

is Ebal, the southern Gerizim. The vale is the vale of Shechem, "unrivalled in Palestine for beauty and luxuriance." Shechem, the city of refuge, stood here. We are, of course, contemplating "the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph," and we know that close to it was a place called Sychar, and that "Jacob's well was there." Jacob's well is there—the veritable well, undisputed in any age or by men of any religion, of which Jacob himself drank, and his children, and his cattle, and from which, in later days, Jacob's divine descendant asked a drink of water from the woman of Samaria.* It is close to the high road from Jerusalem to Galilee. About half a mile from the well is Joseph's tomb.

More to the north, but still within the territory of Manasseh, a hill named Dotan was found, which the explorers identified with the Dothan where Joseph came to visit his brethren and was so cruelly treated by them. Cisterns hewn in the rock are very numerous there: they are all bottle-shaped, with narrow necks, so that it would be difficult for any one who had been put inside to get out. It has been suggested that one of these was the pit into which Joseph was lowered.

* "Some men," says Lieutenant Anderson, "were set to work to clear out the mouth of the well, which was being rapidly covered up. A chamber had been excavated to the depth of 20 feet, and in the floor of the chamber was the mouth of the well, like the mouth of a bottle, and just wide enough to admit a man's body. We lowered a candle down the well and found the air perfectly good, and after the usual amount of noise and talking among the workmen and idlers, I was lashed with a good rope round the waist and a loop for my feet, and lowered through the mouth of the well by some trusty Arabs, directed by my friend Mr. Falcher, the Protestant missionary. The sensation was novel and disagreeable. The numerous knots in the rope continued to tighten and creak, and after having passed through the narrow mouth I found myself suspended in a cylindrical chamber, in shape and proportion not unlike that of the barrel of a gun. The twisting of the rope caused me to revolve as I was being lowered, which produced giddiness, and there was the additional unpleasantness of vibrating from side to side, and touching the sides of the well. I suddenly heard the people from the top shouting to tell me that I had reached the bottom, so when I began to move I found myself lying on my back at the bottom of the well; looking up at the mouth the opening seemed like a star. It was fortunate that I had been securely lashed to the rope, as I had fainted during the operation of lowering. The well is 75 feet deep, 7 feet 6 inches diameter, and is lined throughout with rough masonry, as it is dug in alluvial soil. The bottom of the well was perfectly dry at this time of the year (the month of May) and covered with loose stones. There was a little pitcher lying at the bottom unbroken, and this was an evidence of there being water in the well at some seasons, as the pitcher would have been broken had it fallen upon the stones. It is probable that the well was very much deeper in ancient times, for in ten years it had decreased ten feet in depth. Every one visiting the well throws stones down for the satisfaction of hearing them strike the bottom, and in this way, as well as from the debris of the ruined church built over the well during the fourth century, it has become filled up to probably more than a half of its original depth."

North of Dothan is a very rough and barbarous country, indeed the country where the survey was slightly interrupted, as has been mentioned; but a little further yet to the north a clear survey was made of a region which, after the immediate vicinity of the Holy City, is the most interesting, as regards Old Testament history, of all in Palestine. We did not know until we studied this survey, and possibly some of our readers may only now learn, how nearly on the same ground occurred a great many of the events of different periods. From the names of places being different in different books of Scripture, and from the stories being unconnected, one is apt to imagine a wholly different scene for each incident of the narrative. But the map and the account at once rectify any such error as this, as is exemplified in the not very extensive area which we are about to notice—namely, that between Mounts Gilboa and Tabor. This area is the valley of Jezreel, which, westward, leads towards the plain of Esdraelon, a frequent battle-ground. The brook or river Kishon flows across this plain, and on the edge of it is the ancient city of Megiddo, now El-Lejjun. It was along the western border of the flat, under the hills from Megiddo to Taanach, that Sisera's army was extended. Barak with Zebulun and Naphtali occupied Mount Tabor, which lay north-east from, and in sight of, the Canaanitish army, fourteen miles across the plain. The battle, as we know, took place on the banks of the Kishon. Sisera's army after being beaten received no quarter; and Sisera himself, alighting from his chariot, fled away on his feet. The wretched man made off over the Nazareth hills, across the land of Zebulun, passing the whole length of the Sea of Galilee until he reached the plain of Zaanaïm. We do not know how long he was in getting there, but we now see that Jael's tent, which was at Kedesh, was forty miles from the battle-field, and over that distance at least of hill and dale he must have hurried to his miserable death. In the valley of Jezreel, too, was it that the Midianites and Amalekites were spreading terror when Gideon was commissioned to arrest their progress. Close behind Jezreel, and under Mount Gilboa, the explorers found a beautiful spring, which they do not doubt is the water where Gideon tested his forces by their modes of drinking, and selected his three hundred, all of whom had lapped the water with their hands. Again, it was

here that the ark of God, which had been brought to the camp from Shiloh, was taken by the Philistines and carried thence to the temple of Dagon. Here, too, it was, by Gideon's spring, that Saul, terrified by the Philistines, who were encamped at Shunem on the other side of the vale, took his resolution to consult the weird woman at Endor, which is between six and seven miles from his position. We read that he disguised himself, and for doing so he probably had another reason besides a wish not to be recognized by the woman. To get to her he had to skirt the enemy's camp, and he ran of course a great chance of being taken prisoner. There are inhabited caves at Endor to this day, and it was probably in one of these that the witch lived. The day after the visit Saul's army was beaten and he slain in the valley, the fugitive Israelites betaking themselves to the recesses of Mount Gilboa. Here, too, by Gideon's spring, must have been Naboth's vineyard, and close to it the scene of his murder. At Jezreel, close at hand, Jezebel paid the penalty of her misdeeds. There are crowds of starving dogs, it seems, still in the villages; "and we vividly realized," says Lieutenant Anderson, "how, when the men went out in the evening to bury Jezebel, they found no more than the skull, the feet, and the palms of the hands." A little eastward from hence is the ford over the Jordan at the mouth of the Jabbok, by which both Abram and Jacob crossed when they came from Haran.

A little to the north-west of Mount Tabor lies the town of Nazareth, completely surrounded by rugged and barren hills. It is a lovely little spot, the more so by contrast with the rough ground around. Having reached this point, it may be expected that we turn aside and notice what has been done in exploring the shores of the Sea of Galilee; but that we propose to do further on, after we have reviewed the survey of Jerusalem. The *reconnaissance* which we are at present considering, kept to the line of watershed between Jordan and the Mediterranean as its main direction. As we pass north of Nazareth the points away from the river and lake become less interesting, although it would appear that there are many curious remains in this little-known region. Kedesh, the city of refuge, is recognizable, as is also Laish. The hills of Naphtali are still well covered with oaks, but these are being thinned by charcoal-burners,

who find a market for their goods at Damascus. The main line of survey kept south of Libanus and Anti-Libanus, crossed the Upper Jordan, and had its northern terminus at Cæsarea Philippi, now the village of Banias. A point on the Jordan—*i.e.*, the confluence with a united stream rising at the two points Banias and Tel-el-Kadi—was geographically established. The Jordan, just above this point, is 45 feet broad, is of a dirty-yellow colour, and flows between banks 25 feet below the general level of the plain. Below the confluence the stream is 90 feet broad. For some way it flows through a deep gorge, but at last it issues suddenly on the plain at a very low level. "Its very waters seem to flow suspiciously, as if they were going on a fruitless journey, never to reach the sea." Below Lake Merom it flows once more in a narrow channel with precipitous banks; but it is already as low as the sea-level, and, of course, by the time it has passed through the Sea of Galilee it is below the level of the Mediterranean. Then "the river rushes on boisterously; but it is too late to accomplish the great object of all other rivers, for its waters are now 600 feet below the level of the ocean." Just below Jericho it falls into the Dead Sea. Before leaving this general survey we may quote the account of a little adventure of the surveying officers:—

While we were encamped at Jezreel, the sheikh of the village complained that a tax-gatherer from the neighbouring town of Jenin had just paid them a visit, and had flogged our water-carrier because the latter would not wait upon him. The chief desired Captain Wilson to make a report to the governor at Jenin, and our dragoman was accordingly directed to write a letter in Arabic and submit it for signature. The dragoman's interpretation of his own letter was as follows: "To the governor of Jenin. The chief of the village of Jezreel, what you send one policeman he come speak bad words and beat near to kill him one man what fetch de water for one English Colonel. I come for see you presently." This was duly signed by Captain Wilson; and as the chief insisted upon a seal being appended to the signature, an old monogram was cut off a sheet of note-paper and affixed to the letter. This was supposed to prove the genuineness of the document, as a man's seal cannot be forged.

It is now time to speak of the operations at Jerusalem, which were the earliest, and which led to the other explorations of which mention has been made. Many will learn with surprise that up to the year 1864 no wholly reliable map or plan of the Holy City existed; which does

not mean that no attempt had been made to delineate it, because for many ages diagrams had been appearing; but it means that the maps were partial, that each was made to illustrate some particular points only, and that one or two more recent surveys which aimed at being general and accurate were not equally trustworthy in all parts. Hence, when some eight years since the unhealthy condition of Jerusalem attracted to it observation and much sympathy, it was seen that an improved water-supply and improved drainage—which were clearly the principal requirements—could not be designed for want of a complete survey and levels. The brooks and springs of the city and neighbourhood are many, the rainfall is considerable, and no city could from its situation be more easy to drain; but then we know that the place is under Turkish rule, and so do not marvel that the distresses of the inhabitants, uncared for by their own rulers, came to be adopted as a legitimate concern of theirs by the “Franks.” The means of paying for the necessary survey were provided by Miss Burdett Coutts; and an officer (Captain Wilson) and five non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers were detached from the companies employed on the Ordnance Survey, and sent out to Jerusalem to execute the work. Their duty was completed in 1865. It was, however, hardly possible for a scientific officer employed on the survey of such a region to confine himself to superficial operations. Accordingly Captain Wilson made attempts to penetrate some of the secrets that lie hid beneath the masses of rubbish—the quantity of which is hardly conceivable, as will be explained—which conceal the ancient forms of the hills and valleys, and the remains of nearly all the ancient works of men. But he was unprovided with the necessary stores and implements for subterranean exploration, and it was left to his brother officer, Captain Warren, to follow out his designs, and to furnish data for restoring the ancient, as he himself had delineated the modern, Jerusalem.

One perceives with regret, after having followed the energetic proceedings of these officers, which in themselves are highly interesting, that they have as yet been able to establish beyond controversy but very few of the sites which have been wrangled over for so many centuries. We cannot say positively where the Holy Sepulchre is, where Solomon's or the succeeding temples exactly stood, or where

we can find Calvary. But enough has been done to show how with more labour great results may be obtained. The difficulties of searching underground are enormous, formidable in themselves, and added to by the wilful impediments placed in the way by Turkish officials. Yet we see now that all these may be overcome; if little has been established, a great deal of error has been disestablished and altogether eliminated; and we have at least a conception of the vastness of the work which some of the kings of old were able to execute.

The Temple, the great glory of old Jerusalem, stood, as we know, on Mount Moriah, the hill on which Abraham had bound Isaac preparatory to offering him for a sacrifice, and on ground which David in later days purchased from Araunah, whose threshing-floor it had been. The apex of the rock of that hill may still be seen—the sacred rock it is called—and around it is an artificial plateau in the form of a rectangle, whose length is 1500 feet north and south, and its breadth 900 feet east and west. It is enclosed by walls and is known as Haram ash Sharif, or the Noble Sanctuary. This is now the apparent top of the hill, which, beyond the southern wall of the sanctuary, slopes downward to the south, and is a tongue of ground running between two valleys which unite at its foot. The valley on the west of Moriah is the Tyropæan, that on the east is the valley of Kedron or of Hinnom. Across the Tyropæan and opposite the southern tongue of Moriah, is the upper city on another plateau; opposite and to the west of the Sanctuary is the summit known as Zion or Acra. The valleys and the sides of the hills are covered with rubbish, the depth of which is so great that the walls of the Sanctuary cannot be seen for more than a half, a third, or a fourth of their height in most parts of the enclosure; and the ancient, or, as we may say, the real beds of the valleys have been entirely altered. We know by means of the explorations where the channel of the brook Kedron used to be: the stream has a very different course now from what it had when sorrowing David passed over it at the time of Absalom's rebellion. Of the remains of the Sanctuary (and probably the same may be said of the upper city and Zion) that which is above ground is but a very small part. Its walls rest throughout their lengths on the rock; the levels of the foundations vary, therefore, accord-

ing to the outline of the rock, being at the Triple Gate in the south wall about a hundred feet higher than at the most depressed points. Seventy feet appears to be the least height, and a hundred and seventy feet the greatest. These high walls were at one time exposed to view, and could, with their magnificent superstructure, dazzle the senses by their grandeur. A building longer and higher than York Minster stood, as Captain Wilson explains it, on a solid mass of masonry nearly as high as the tallest of our church spires.

Nearly everywhere there are about four feet of firm rich mould resting upon the rock. Above the mould are many layers of stone-chippings, cubical or hemispherical in form, and mixed with lumps of broken stone of various sizes. Here and there a stratum of fat earth from one to three feet thick may be found, but not frequently. Sometimes the shingle is more or less cemented together by mud, which has percolated through it; but outside of the city walls, and particularly on the east side of the Kedron valley, it is quite loose, without a particle of cohesive matter, so that once set in motion it runs like water. To get at the cartography (or an approximation to it) of the ancient city, the wells, cisterns, aqueducts, vaults and passages which lie in and beneath these masses of rubbish, must be thoroughly examined. Captain Warren has already brought to light many and striking facts which up to his time were unknown or not established; and others, no doubt, following in his footsteps and imitating him on other ground, will accumulate evidence sufficient to decide many of the contested points. We will state the principal of Captain Warren's discoveries, and then give some account of the means by which he achieved them, and the adventures of himself and party during the execution of their works.

Let us first mention, that Captain Warren, by working through the rubbish and by exploring subterranean passages, has been enabled to find the rock of Mount Moriah and of its flanking valleys in so many places, that he could make a contoured plan of the whole area—and what, to the eye unaccustomed to drawings of the ground, is more instructive, a model. A few feet of red earth overlies the rock pretty equally; so, then, having the form of the rock, we have the form of the hill, as it appeared to Solomon. And this work serves a far higher purpose than the gratification of curiosity or

the excitement of wonder. If we can see the hill as Solomon and his architects saw it, we can recover pretty closely the considerations that no doubt moved them in determining the exact site of the first Temple. This will not give conclusive proof, but it will reveal a strong probability which, if supported by further discoveries, may at last amount to proof. Then, once we are morally certain about the site of Solomon's Temple, there will be less difficulty about Nehemiah's and Herod's. Now then, looking at the contoured plan or the model, it is at once evident that appearance and economy of time and of labour, would require the Temple to be on the plateau of the summit, where there was just room for it to stand. If that was the site chosen, the Temple area must have been bounded on the south by a wall parallel to, and three hundred feet north of, the present south wall of the sanctuary; its north wall would have been six hundred feet north of its south wall, or nine hundred feet north of the present south wall; and its end walls would have been coincident with portions of the present west and east walls of the Sanctuary. This is an entirely new argument, which, without the form of the hill, recovered by Captain Warren's labours, could not have been used. The threshing-floor of Araunah, we may fairly assume, was on the summit, as was customary, in order that the winnowing might be conveniently effected; and as we know that the threshing-floor became the site of the Temple, some further strength is thus given to the supposition that the first Temple was placed as we have described. But further proofs are forthcoming from the evidence of the buried walls. The level at which the stones in any part of the wall begin to be dressed and carefully-lined stones, as distinguished from the rougher foundation-stones which were not intended to be seen, is a guide to the age of that part of the wall. Where the dressed stones are traceable down to the neighbourhood of the rock, it may be concluded that the wall is of the age of Solomon or of the kings of Judah. Where there are many courses of rough foundation-stones above the rock, it is a fair inference that the wall was built after the rubbish had begun to accumulate. Some Phœnician characters have been found on the chiselled stones of those parts where the dressed stones most nearly approach the rock, and this is another proof of the antiquity of these parts.

The position of the gates also—since they would surely be designed with some regard to symmetry—is another guide to the selection of the oldest part of the work. Now, without going into details, we may say that the evidence of the walls is quite in harmony with the supposition which places the first Temple on the summit as above described. This also is quite new evidence, like that concerning the form of the rock. If the Turkish authorities had not expressly forbidden excavations within the Sanctuary, it would be advisable to try to find the foundations of the north and south walls of Solomon's Temple. If these should be discovered on the sites whereon they are supposed to have stood, little doubt could remain as to the plan of this building; but we must wait for more liberal times before this test can be applied. It has been ascertained, however, by examination of the ground outside the Sanctuary walls, and by some observations which it was possible to make within them without disturbing the ground, that along the line which is thought to have been that of the north wall of the Temple, the side of a natural valley or an artificial ditch extended. Probably the two containing valleys of Mount Moriah turned inwards and nearly met there; and advantage was taken of this circumstance by connecting the two with a ditch. Some part of the rock on this ditch side is known to be scraped—that is, cut to nearly a vertical plane. All this favours the idea that the wall of Solomon's Temple stood here.

But there is a portion of the present south wall which is, there can be no doubt, as old as the walls which have been suggested as being the east and west walls of the Temple enclosure. If the south wall of the ancient Temple was 300 feet away from this wall, what can this wall have been? The answer is that it was probably the wall of Solomon's palace, which is of antiquity equal to that of the Temple. The former building may have been built a little below the brow of the hill although the latter might not—indeed, if we suppose the Temple on the plateau of the summit, there is no place near it for the palace without going a little down the hill. But if the palace occupied only a portion—to wit, the south-east angle—of what is now the Sanctuary, how comes it that the Sanctuary is now a rectangle with a continuous south wall running right across? Well, the supposition is that Herod built

the western part of the south wall, and that the precincts of the Temple which *he* built extended over the sites of Solomon's Temple and Solomon's palace, as also over the space near those buildings in the south-west angle. Herod's Temple, in short, is thought to have had its north wall on the same line as Solomon's, but to have been 900 feet square, instead of 900 by 600.

Somewhere near the present north wall of the Sanctuary was the Pool of Bethesda. There are pools in that vicinity now, fed, no doubt, by the same spring which fed the Bethesda of St. John's Gospel; but at present it cannot be ascertained which of them, or whether any of them, is that pool. There is reason to believe that pools which once existed in that neighbourhood have disappeared, and that the water is now collected in newer reservoirs. The Pool of Siloam remains as of old just at the junction of the Tyropæan and Kedron valleys. A fountain known now as "the Virgin's Fount" has been identified with En-Rogel, which was a point in the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin, as recorded in the Book of Joshua; it is the same En-Rogel by which Ahimaaz and Jonathan* the son of Abiathar waited on David's behalf for tidings of the determination of the council of Absalom's rebellion; and it is that at which Adonijah† slew sheep and oxen when he laid claim to the kingdom. This is a very recent discovery, due to the survey which noted the rock Zohelath, and so led to the identification of the fountain. The pools of Solomon were supplied from a fountain at Hebron, and they again supplied water to the city. Two aqueducts by which the water was conveyed have been traced. One is quite useless now, and the other of but little use. From the great number of channels and cisterns which have been discovered, it is clear that the Holy City was once very well supplied with water; but the aqueducts have been destroyed, or suffered to fall to decay, and the cisterns have been turned to the vilest uses. The very soil has been so poisoned by impurities, that a scratch or a cut on a workman's hand would not heal for a long time; and as for the water, it is in many places so contaminated by the neighbourhood of the drains as to be offensive to the taste.

The ancient articles brought to light by the exploration were but few. They

* 2 Samuel, xvii. 17.

† 1 Kings, i. 9.

were principally lamps and vases, weights, bronze figures, and sepulchral chests. The seal of Haggai the son of Shebniah was found in the rubbish of the Tyropæan valley, at a depth of 22 feet. But of the few articles found, it is remarkable that hardly any are Jewish. A great mass of details has been given, which, though as yet they have led up to nothing positive, may, after further inquiry, be found to contain the keys to many disputed questions; for the work of the survey is not likely to perish; what has been done is distinctly recorded on drawings with dimensions and levels, so that the work can at any time be farther prosecuted without having to repeat any of the operations already registered.

But while we are gratified at the clear and unquestionable results of these enterprises, we must not overlook the risk and toil by means of which they were successful. Captain Warren and his assistants would seem to have been daily in peril of their lives; the climate punished them, their work was dangerous, and the Turkish officials continually thwarted them. One of these enlightened persons explained to Captain Warren the whole structure of the noble Sanctuary—the very place that the Christian world is yearning to know even a little concerning—“winding up with the information that the sacred rock, Sakhra, lies on the top leaves of a palm-tree, from the roots of which spring all the rivers of the earth; and that the attempt of a Frank to pry into such matters could only be attended by some dire calamity befalling the country.” From functionaries with minds thus cultivated much sympathy or aid was not to be expected; and although our explorers were fortified by a vizierial letter from Constantinople, excuses were continually invented for interfering with and restricting the proceedings. The probability that they might disturb the graves of some of the faithful was continually put forward as a reason for interrupting the search. The orientals, it seems, can form no higher idea of our objects than that we are seeking for buried treasure, which, although they have not the energy to look for it themselves, they cordially grudge us. The vizierial letter unfortunately excepted the Noble Sanctuary from the places where digging was to be permitted; consequently Captain Warren commenced operations outside its walls; whereupon the Pacha forbade him to dig within 40 feet of the walls, lest he should bring

them down—bring down, that is, some of the finest and most massive masonry in the world, which rested on the rock, by removing some of the rubbish which had accumulated beside it! Captain Warren was, however, even with the intelligent Pacha as far as examining the walls went, as we shall see directly. First let us explain that the method of examination which Captain Wilson, when he made the survey, was not provided with the means of following, and which Captain Warren did adopt in all his principal examinations—was the rough-and-ready style of mining made use of in sieges, the same being taught to all officers of Royal Engineers at the school of Military Engineering. A well or shaft, three or four feet square, is commenced, and as soon as it has been excavated to a slight depth, wooden frames of a strength in inverse proportion to the self-supporting power of the earth, clay, gravel, or other soil, are introduced. Where the ground has any tenacity at all, the first three or four feet of shaft can be sunk before a frame is fixed, and then the frames can be built in one over another from the bottom upwards; but as the depth increases, this method becomes impossible, and a frame has to be fixed under those already in place as soon as there is space dug out for it. The cases or frames are in four parts, made with mortises and tenons, so that they may be easily put together; and if the soil be very loose indeed, it may be necessary to excavate one side only of the shaft, then to fix the half of the frame, and afterwards to excavate the other side and fix the rest of the frame. The series of cases or frames forms a strong wooden lining to the shaft. Any part of the lining liable to extra pressure may, of course, be strengthened by screwing on additional planks. Captain Warren appears to have carried these shafts to a greater depth than is usually necessary in military mining, for we find him sometimes sinking 90 feet below the surface of the ground. But the art of military mining includes something more than making wells and going up and down in them; it can from the bottom or from any stage of the shaft commence and produce a subterranean passage or gallery, either horizontal or inclining upwards or downwards, and so give means of moving about in the recesses of the earth. The galleries are supported by timbers and planking much in the same way as the mines are lined. The breadth and depth

of them are kept as short as possible, and there is usually no more than room for a man to crawl along in them. It was by means of his burrowing power that Captain Warren out-witted the Pacha. He obeyed the direction to dig at least 40 feet away from the walls; but as soon as he was down to a convenient depth he burrowed back to the wall, and then along its face, so as to examine it, without the Pacha being, in the first instance, at all the wiser. Afterwards, the limit of 40 feet was encroached on, little by little; and the Pacha, when he came to know that the miners had had their will in spite of him, seems to have taken the frustration of his orders with the philosophy of a Turk, and not to have been extreme in marking the distance of the shafts from the wall. But he continued to be obstructive and disagreeable in a variety of ways; and first among the difficulties with which Captain Warren had to contend, and which he patiently grappled with, was the hostile spirit of the local government. Then came the morbid effects of the climate, and of the air of wells and tunnels in soil charged with all manner of impurities. The party sickened one after another; every one appears to have been attacked by fever; some of the non-commissioned officers had to be invalided and sent home; and one of them died. Thirdly, there were the natural difficulties of making the explorations, which were so great and numerous that the party may be said to have wrought constantly in peril of their lives. The shingle, or stone-chippings, was, as has been said, so loose that when once set in motion it flowed like water. It rushed into the shafts and galleries at times, completely flooding the passages, and threatening to overwhelm the explorers. Sometimes it ran away from outside their casings, or from beneath them in their shafts, or from before them in their galleries, leaving vast and dangerous chasms; and on one or two occasions compelling them to leave the place where they were, fill up their excavations, and be cheated of their reward after days of labour. And the flowing of the shingle was dangerous, not only for what it could do itself: when it gave way, it allowed heavy stones that might have been resting on it to fall; and these thundering into a shaft or gallery were anything but pleasant or harmless intruders. Scarcely an excavation was undertaken without a *contretemps* that might have been a fatal accident—the persons most frequently

in jeopardy being Captain Warren himself, and his most useful and adventurous chief assistant, Sergeant Birtles. The Sergeant, while they were examining some vaults near the west wall of the Sanctuary, "clambered up a piece of wall where the stones were sticking out like teeth. At about 8 feet from the ground one of these gave way, and he fell back with it in his arms. Luckily, it was so heavy that they turned in falling, and fell together sideways; it then rolled over on to him, and injured him severely, so that he could barely crawl out into the open air. He suffered from this injury for some months." At another time the same adventurous explorer was, by a fall of rubbish behind him, blocked up without a light for two hours. The following adventure occurred in a vault under the convent of the Sisters of Sion:—

I looked into this passage, and found it to open out to a width of 4 feet, and to be full of sewage 5 feet deep. I got some planks, and made a perilous voyage on the sewage for about 12 feet, and found myself in a magnificent passage cut in the rock 30 feet high, and covered by large stones laid across horizontally. Seeing how desirable it would be to trace out this passage, I obtained three old doors, and went down there to-day with Sergeant Birtles. We laid them down on the surface of the sewage, and advanced along by lifting up the hindmost and throwing it in front of us. . . . In some places the sewage was exceedingly moist and very offensive, and it was difficult to keep our balance whilst getting up the doors after they had sunk in the muck. [The earth level suddenly changed and they had to descend.] Everything had become so slippery that we had to exercise great caution in lowering ourselves down, lest an unlucky false step might cause a header into the murky liquid.

Another time Captain Warren descending from a private garden through a tank's mouth found part of the aperture to be so small that he could not succeed till he had stripped nearly to the skin. Then he found himself in a cistern having in it three feet of water; but on lighting up some magnesium wire, he saw such a series of arches as made him think at first that he must be in a church. So he signalled for Sergeant Birtles to come down too; but the Sergeant, after considerably injuring his shoulders in the attempt, was unable to pass the narrow opening, and had at last to go and get the owner's permission to pull down the upper mouth of the shaft. This accomplished, he speedily got down and joined his officer, who was waiting all this time

in the cistern. The Captain, however, while directing Birtles' steps, fell himself over a large stone into the water flat on his face. The weather was frosty, and a bath in one's clothes, as he says, not pleasant under the circumstances. The building they were in was not a church, but an extensive underground area, surmounted by groined arches resting upon many piers. Its present use is as a tank, but it is not yet clear whether it was originally so or not. In following the course of an aqueduct which they traced for 250 feet in one direction and 200 feet in another, this was the sort of passage which they had in some places to make: "Sometimes we could crawl on hands and knees; then we had to creep sideways; again we lay on our backs and wriggled along." But this was a mild aqueduct adventure compared with another which we quote:—

Our difficulties now commenced. Sergeant Birtles, with a fellah, went ahead, measuring with tape, while I followed with compass and field-book. The bottom is a soft silt, with a calcareous crust at top, strong enough to bear the human weight, except in a few places where it lets one in with a flop. Our measurements of height were taken from the top of this crust, as it now forms the bottom of the aqueduct; the mud silt is from 15 inches to 18 inches deep. We were now crawling all fours, and thought we were getting on very pleasantly, the water being only 4 inches deep, and we were not wet higher than our hips. Presently bits of cabbage-stalks came floating by, and we suddenly awoke to the fact that the waters were rising. The Virgin's Fount is used as a sort of scullery to the Silwān village, the refuse thrown there being carried off down the passage each time the water rises. The rising of the waters had not been anticipated; as they had risen only two hours previous to our entrance. At 850 feet the height of the channel was reduced to 1 foot 10 inches, and here our troubles began. The water was running with great violence, 1 foot in height; and we, crawling full length, were up to our necks in it.

I was particularly embarrassed: one hand necessarily wet and dirty, the other holding a pencil, compass, and field-book; the candle for the most part in my mouth. Another 50 feet brought us to a place where we had regularly to run the gauntlet of the waters. The passage being only 1 foot 4 inches high, we had just 4 inches breathing space, and had some difficulty in twisting our necks round properly. When observing, my mouth was under water. At 900 feet we came upon two false cuttings, one on each side of the aqueduct. They go in for about 2 feet each. I could not discover any appearance of their being passages: if they are, and are stopped up for any distance, it will be next to impossible to clear them out in such a

place. Just here I involuntarily swallowed a portion of my lead pencil, nearly choking for a minute or two. We were now going in a zigzag direction towards the northwest, and the height increased to 4 feet 6 inches, which gave us a little breathing space; but at 1050 feet we were reduced to 2 feet 6 inches, and at 1100 feet we were again crawling with a height of only 1 foot 10 inches. We should probably have suffered more from the cold than we did, had not our risible faculties been excited by the sight of our fellah in front plunging and puffing through the water like a young grampus.

One can hardly wonder that these poor men got fevers; the marvel rather is how they were able to persevere at all with such work to its completion. They certainly were strangely protected. Once on having worked their way to the bottom of a well, they saw a piece of loose masonry (which was afterwards found to weigh 8 cwt.) hanging 40 feet above their heads. One of the feebly-held stones starting would have sent the whole mass on them, and there they would have ended their labours, crushed and buried in a deep enough grave, had the least thing gone wrong; but with the greatest coolness and care they climbed up to the top, using many odd means of raising themselves, but doing all so cleverly as to emerge unhurt. Here is another of Captain Warren's escapes, quite as worthy to be called hair-breadth as many that make the excitement of fiction, which we cannot refrain from quoting:—

About a mile south of the village of Lifta, on the crest of a hill, is a chasm in the rocks, about which there are many traditions, and which we failed to explore in the spring. We went there last Monday, provided with three ladders, reaching together 120 feet, and a dock-yard rope 165 feet long. We had three men to assist in lowering us on the rope. The entrance from the top just allows of a man squeezing through; but as you descend the chasm opens out, until at 125 feet it is about 15 feet by 30 inches. At this point is a ledge, and we rested there while we lowered the ladders another 30 feet, to enable us to descend to the bottom, which is at the great depth of 155 feet from the surface. The chasm is exactly perpendicular, and the bottom is horizontal. Water was dripping quickly from the rocks, but ran out of sight at once. On the floor was a rough stone pillar, and near it the skeleton of an infant; close to the pillar is a cleft in the rock, very narrow, into which water was running. I got down into this; but it is a crevice which gets narrower and narrower, and there being no hold, I slipped down until my head was about 4 feet below the surface. Here I stuck, every moment jamming me tighter down the cleft. Ten minutes of desperate struggling, and the help of a friendly

grip, brought me to the surface again, minus a considerable portion of my skin and clothing. On ascending we had some little excitement: at one time the grass-rope-ladder caught fire; at another, the men suddenly let me down nearly 3 feet, the jerk nearly wrenching the rope out of their hands.

Now and then they had a comic adventure—as, for example, when Sergeant Birtles, down a shaft and working laterally through a wall, found himself in an underground smithy. The conscience of the smith told him that the intruder must be a *gin* come to torment him for his hard bargains, and he accordingly fell on his knees before the apparition. It is, however, comforting to know, that of all their moving accidents in

Antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven,

only one had at all a serious termination. They had been making a cut some 20 feet deep through a bank of earth that lay against a wall of the city, and the men (natives) were just getting into the excavation to set to work—only six of them were dangerously advanced—when the bank gave way, falling in upon the wall, and partially inhuming the six men. One of them was wholly buried; but before the second slip occurred which took him from their sight, they saw for a second or two his ghastly face. They were all extricated—the other five with ease, but this man only after some digging; and when the latter was got out he had to be carried to his friends at Bethlehem. His pay was drawn for two weeks; but they could never see the man again, and were left to conjecture either that he had not been much hurt and had been drawing pay while able to work, or that he had died soon after the accident, and his brother had concealed the death that he might get the pay.

Of course the small staff sent out from England could do no more than direct the various operations and keep account of them. Native labour had to be largely used, and very troublesome and inefficient gangs they appear for the most part to have been, requiring all the skill and tact of the Engineers to get work out of them. It is a remarkable fact that Jews, as workmen, were found to be utterly useless. We might have added that they were useless in any capacity as regarded the explorations, had it not been that one Jew turned out a capital overseer, who administered the *corbatch* in first-rate style when the men were idling, showed no fear of

the Arabs, and was in every way qualified for his office. The people who did the work were Arabs from Siloam and Lifta, villages near Jerusalem, and Nubians and men from the city. There was, of course, the usual higgling about wages; but when this was over, it was found that the true believers were constantly seized with an inclination to pray during working hours, although they were never seen to do so in their leisure times, so that it became necessary to make a deduction from the pay for every prayer, which had the effect of considerably moderating the religious ardour. One good old fellow and old *fellah*, though, did submit to the deduction, and ask leave regularly on Fridays to go to the Mosque; and the directors cleverly proposed that he* should pray for all, and, in consideration of so doing, receive pay for the time of absence. This arrangement smoothed matters greatly. The wages fixed were rather high, but the officer was able to adhere to them, and the men did not at all relish being sent off the works. It was customary for the sergeant to keep always enough money about him to settle with a man and discharge him on the spot, if he wouldn't be obedient and work. When the offence was idleness, the culprit had the choice of being punished with the *corbatch*, or being discharged, and he generally chose the corporal punishment. The *fellahin* understand, Captain Warren says, the meaning of justice, but not the power of kindness. After a time they began to understand him, and he could always command labour at the known rates. In a strange village the higgling would have lasted a day or more, and, after all, the employer would have been imposed on. The arts of these people are very cunning. They practise upon Europeans, and act their parts so cleverly, that it requires much experience to escape being taken in. Though some of them are smart, strong men, they cannot manage barrow-work at all; wheeling seems in a very short time to exhaust them altogether. The patriarchal feeling is still so strong among them, that it was soon found that by treating the elders with a little consideration, a pretty stern discipline could be maintained among the younger. Every man was searched when he came off the works, and as another precaution against dishonesty, people of different races were mixed together in the gangs. No thief could trust a man of another

* It seems that he was a descendant of the Prophet.

nation, who would be sure to inform against him. They work best in summer, not caring for the heat, which is so far unfortunate for the explorations that Englishmen in Palestine are not generally in their best working trim during the hot weather. In winter they become very miserable creatures, and cannot understand how working can keep them warm. Their idea, derived from some wisacre among themselves, of the object of the explorations was,* that the Franks were dropping all round the walls of the Sanctuary small deposits of gunpowder, which in time would grow to be large ones, and that when these should have sufficiently expanded, say in twenty years or so, the explorers would return with some machine and blow the whole place up.

Here we must leave the exploration of the Holy City for the present, earnestly hoping that Captain Warren and Sergeant Birtles, or some Engineers of equal energy, may ere long be able to give us much more information. We had purposed to follow our notice of the work by some account of the survey of the Sea of Galilee; but we have found so much to say that we have outrun our space, and must await another opportunity to speak of that water so familiar in name to us, and of the undying region about its coasts.

* In addition, we presume, to the search for treasure.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day, towards the afternoon, Frederic Lemercier, somewhat breathless from the rapidity at which he had ascended to so high an eminence, burst into Alain's chamber.

"*Pr-r! mon cher*; what superb exercise for the health—how it must strengthen the muscles and expand the chest; after this, who should shrink from scaling Mont Blanc?—Well, well. I have been meditating on your business ever since we parted. But I would fain know more of its details. You shall confide them to me as we drive through the Bois. My *coupé* is below, and the day is beautiful—come."

To the young Marquis, the gaiety, the heartiness of his college friend were a cordial. How different from the dry

counsels of the Count de Vandemar! Hope, though vaguely, entered into his heart. Willingly he accepted Frederic's invitation, and the young men were soon rapidly borne along the Champs Elysées. As briefly as he could Alain described the state of his affairs, the nature of his mortgages, and the result of his interview with M. Gandrin.

Frederic listened attentively. "Then Gandrin has given you as yet no answer?"

"None: but I have a note from him this morning asking me to call to-morrow."

"After you have seen him, decide on nothing—if he makes you any offer get back your abstract, or a copy of it, and confide it to me. Gandrin ought to help you; he transacts affairs in a large way. *Belle clientèle* among the *millionnaires*. But his clients expect fabulous profits, and so does he. As for your principal mortgagee, Louvier, you know of course who he is."

"No, except that M. Hébert told me that he was very rich."

"Rich—I should think so; one of the Kings of Finance. Ah! observe those young men on horseback."

Alain looked forth and recognized the two cavaliers whom he had conjectured to be the sons of the Count de Vandemar.

"Those *beaux garçons* are fair specimens of your Faubourg," said Frederic; "they would decline my acquaintance because my grandfather kept a shop, and they keep a shop between them!"

"A shop—I am mistaken, then. Who are they?"

"Raoul and Enguerrand, sons of that mocker of man the Count de Vandemar."

"And they keep a shop! you are jesting."

"A shop at which you may buy gloves and perfumes, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Of course they don't serve at the counter; they only invest their pocket money in the speculation, and in so doing treble at least their pocket money, buy their horses, and keep their grooms."

"Is it possible! nobles of such birth! How shocked the Count would be if he knew it!"

"Yes, very much shocked if he were supposed to know it. But he is too wise a father not to give his sons limited allowances and unlimited liberty, especially the liberty to add to the allowances as they please. Look again at them; no better riders and more affectionate brothers since the date of Castor and Pollux.

Their tastes, indeed, differ: Raoul is religious and moral, melancholy and dignified; Enguerrand is a lion of the first water,—*élégant* to the tips of his nails. These demigods are nevertheless very mild to mortals. Though Enguerrand is the best pistol-shot in Paris, and Raoul the best fencer, the first is so good-tempered that you would be a brute to quarrel with him; the last so true a Catholic, that if you quarrelled with him you need fear not his sword. He would not die in the committal of what the Church holds a mortal sin."

"Are you speaking ironically? Do you mean to imply that men of the name of Vandemar are not brave?"

"On the contrary, I believe that, though masters of their weapons, they are too brave to abuse their skill; and I must add, that though they are sleeping partners in a shop, they would not cheat you of a farthing. — Benign stars on earth, as Castor and Pollux were in heaven."

"But partners in a shop!"

"Bah! when a minister himself, like the late M. de M——, kept a shop, and added the profits of *bon-bons* to his revenue, you may form some idea of the spirit of the age. If young nobles are not generally sleeping partners in shops, still they are more or less adventurers in commerce. The *Bourse* is the profession of those who have no other possession. You have visited the *Bourse*?"

"No."

"No! this is just the hour; we have time yet for the Bois. — Coachman, drive to the *Bourse*."

"The fact is," resumed Frederic, "that gambling is one of the wants of civilized men. The *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette* tables are forbidden — the hells closed; but the passion for making money without working for it must have its vent, and that vent is the *Bourse*. As instead of a hundred wax-lights you now have one jet of gas, so instead of a hundred hells you have now one *Bourse*, and — it is exceedingly convenient; always at hand; no discredit being seen there, as it was to be seen at Frascati's — on the contrary, at once respectable, and yet the *mode*."

The *couple* stops at the *Bourse*, our friends mount the steps, glide through the pillars, deposit their canes at a place destined to guard them, and the Marquis follows Frederic up a flight of stairs till he gains the open gallery round a vast hall below. Such a din! such a clamour! disputatious, wrangling, wrathful.

Here Lemer cier distinguished some

friends, whom he joined for a few minutes.

Alain, left alone, looked down into the hall. He thought himself in some stormy scene of the First Revolution. An English contested election in the marketplace of a borough when the candidates are running close on each other, the result doubtful, passions excited, the whole borough in civil war, is peaceful compared to the scene at the *Bourse*.

Bulls and bears screaming, bawling, gesticulating, as if one were about to strangle the other; the whole, to an uninitiated eye, a confusion, a Babel, which it seems absolutely impossible to reconcile to the notion of quiet mercantile transactions, the purchase and sale of shares and stocks. As Alain gazed bewildered, he felt himself gently touched, and, looking round, saw the Englishman. "A lively scene!" whispered Mr. Vane. "This is the heart of Paris: it beats very loudly."

"Is your *Bourse* in London like this?"

"I cannot tell you; at our Exchange the general public are not admitted; the privileged priests of that temple sacrifice their victims in closed penetralia, beyond which the sounds made in the operation do not travel to ears profane. But had we an Exchange like this open to all the world, and placed, not in a region of our metropolis unknown to fashion, but in some elegant square in St. James's or at Hyde Park Corner, I suspect that our national character would soon undergo a great change, and that all our idlers and sporting-men would make their books there every day, instead of waiting long months in *ennui* for the Doncaster and the Derby. At present we have but few men on the turf; we should then have few men not on Exchange, especially if we adopt your law, and can contrive to be traders without risk of becoming bankrupts. Napoleon I. called us a shop-keeping nation. Napoleon III. has taught France to excel us in everything, and certainly he has made Paris a shop-keeping city."

Alain thought of Raoul and Enguerrand, and blushed to find that what he considered a blot on his countrymen was so familiarly perceptible to a foreigner's eye.

"And the Emperor has done wisely, at least for the time," continued the Englishman, with a more thoughtful accent. "He has found vent thus for that very dangerous class in Paris society to which the subdivision of property gave birth — viz., the crowd of well-born, dar-

ing young men without fortune and without profession. He has opened the *Bourse* and said, 'There, I give you employment, resource, an *avenir*.' He has cleared the byways into commerce and trade, and opened new avenues of wealth to the *noblesse*, whom the great Revolution so unwisely beggared. What other way to rebuild a *noblesse* in France, and give it a chance of power because an access to fortune? But to how many sides of your national character has the *Bourse* of Paris magnetic attraction? You Frenchmen are so brave that you could not be happy without facing danger, so covetous of distinction that you would pine yourselves away without a dash, *coûte que coûte*, at celebrity and a red ribbon. Danger! look below at that arena—there it is; danger daily, hourly. But there also is celebrity; win at the *Bourse*, as of old in a tournament, and paladins smile on you, and ladies give you their scarves, or, what is much the same, they allow you to buy their *cache-mires*. Win at the *Bourse*—what follows? the Chamber, the Senate, the Cross, the Minister's *portefeuille*. I might rejoice in all this for the sake of Europe—could it last, and did it not bring the consequences that follow the demoralization which attends it. The *Bourse* and the *Crédit Mobilier* keep Paris quiet—at least as quiet as it can be. These are the secrets of this reign of splendour; these the two *lions couchants* on which rests the throne of the Imperial reconstructor."

Alain listened surprised and struck. He had not given the Englishman credit for the cast of mind which such reflections evinced.

Here Lemercier rejoined them, and shook hands with Graham Vane, who, taking him aside, said, "But you promised to go to the Bois, and indulge my insane curiosity about the lady in the pearl-coloured robe?"

"I have not forgotten; it is not half-past two yet; you said three. *Soyez tranquille*; I drive thither from the *Bourse* with Rochebriant."

"Is it necessary to take with you that very good-looking Marquis?"

"I thought you said you were not jealous, because not yet in love. However, if Rochebriant occasions you the pang which your humble servant failed to inflict, I will take care that he do not see the lady."

"No," said the Englishman; "on consideration, I should be very much obliged

to any one with whom she would fall in love. That would disenchant me. Take the Marquis by all means."

Meanwhile Alain, again looking down, saw just under him, close by one of the pillars, Lucien Duplessis. He was standing apart from the throng—a small space cleared round himself—and two men who had the air of gentlemen of the *beau monde* with whom he was conferring. Duplessis, thus seen, was not like the Duplessis at the *restaurant*. It would be difficult to explain what the change was, but it forcibly struck Alain: the air was more dignified, the expression keener; there was a look of conscious power and command about the man even at that distance; the intense, concentrated intelligence of his eye, his firm lip, his marked features, his projecting, massive brow,—would have impressed a very ordinary observer. In fact, the man was here in his native element—in the field in which his intellect gloried, commanded, and had signalized itself by successive triumphs. Just thus may be the change in the great orator whom you deemed insignificant in a drawing-room, when you see his crest rise above a reverential audience; or the great soldier, who was not distinguishable from the subaltern in a peaceful club, could you see him issuing the order to his aides-de-camp amidst the smoke and roar of the battle-field.

"Ah, Marquis!" said Graham Vane, "are you gazing at Duplessis? He is the modern genius of Paris. He is at once the Cousin, the Guizot, and the Victor Hugo of speculation. Philosophy—Eloquence—audacious Romance;—all Literature now is swallowed up in the sublime epic of *Agiotage*, and Duplessis is the poet of the Empire."

"Well said, M. Gram Varn," cried Frederic, forgetting his recent lesson in English names. "Alain underrates that great man. How could an Englishman appreciate him so well?"

"*Ma foi!*" returned Graham, quietly; "I am studying to think at Paris, in order some day or other to know how to act in London. Time for the Bois. Lemercier, we meet at seven—Philippe's."

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT do you think of the *Bourse*?" asked Lemercier, as their carriage took the way to the Bois.

"I cannot think of it yet; I am stunned. It seems to me as if I had been at a *Sabbat*, of which the wizards were

agents de change, but not less bent upon raising Satan."

"Pooh! the best way to exorcise Satan is to get rich enough not to be tempted by him. The fiend always loved to haunt empty places; and of all places nowadays he prefers empty purses and empty stomachs."

"But do all people get rich at the *Bourse*? or is not one man's wealth many men's ruin?"

"That is a question not very easy to answer; but under our present system Paris gets rich, though at the expense of individual Parisians. I will try and explain. The average luxury is enormously increased even in my experience; what were once considered refinements and fopperies are now called necessary comforts. Prices are risen enormously, — house-rent doubled within the last five or six years; all articles of luxury are very much dearer; the very gloves I wear cost twenty per cent more than I used to pay for gloves of the same quality. How the people we meet live, and live so well, is an enigma that would defy *Œdipus* if *Œdipus* were not a Parisian. But the main explanation is this: speculation and commerce, with the facilities given to all investments, have really opened more numerous and more rapid ways to fortune than were known a few years ago.

"Crowds are thus attracted to Paris, resolved to venture a small capital in the hope of a large one; they live on that capital, not on their income, as gamblers do. There is an idea among us that it is necessary to seem rich in order to become rich. Thus there is a general extravagance and profusion. English *milords* marvel at our splendour. Those who, while spending their capital as their income, fail in their schemes of fortune, after one, two, three, or four years — vanish. What becomes of them, I know no more than I do what becomes of the old moons. Their place is immediately supplied by new candidates. Paris is thus kept perennially sumptuous and splendid by the gold it engulfs. But then some men succeed — succeed prodigiously, preternaturally; they make colossal fortunes, which are magnificently expended. They set an example of show and pomp, which is of course the more contagious because so many men say, 'The other day those *millionaires* were as poor as we are; they never economized; why should we?' Paris is thus doubly enriched — by the

fortunes it swallows up, and by the fortunes it casts up; the last being always reproductive, and the first never lost except to the individuals."

"I understand: but what struck me forcibly at the scene we have left was the number of young men there; young men whom I should judge by their appearance to be gentlemen, evidently not mere speculators — eager, anxious, with tablets in their hands. That old or middle-aged men should find a zest in the pursuit of gain I can understand, but youth and avarice seem to me a new combination, which Molière never divined in his '*Avare*.'"

"Young men, especially if young gentlemen, love pleasure; and pleasure in this city is very dear. This explains why so many young men frequent the *Bourse*. In the old gaming tables now suppressed, young men were the majority; in the days of your chivalrous forefathers it was the young nobles, not the old, who would stake their very mantles and swords on a cast of the die. And naturally enough, *mon cher*; for is not youth the season of hope, and is not hope the goddess of gaming, whether at *rouge et noir* or the *Bourse*?"

Alain felt himself more and more behind his generation. The acute reasoning of Lemercier humbled his *amour propre*. At college Lemercier was never considered Alain's equal in ability or book-learning. What a stride beyond his school-fellow had Lemercier now made! How dull and stupid the young provincial felt himself to be as compared with the easy cleverness and half sportive philosophy of the Parisian's fluent talk!

He sighed with a melancholy and yet with a generous envy. He had too fine a natural perception not to acknowledge that there is a rank of mind as well as of birth, and in the first he felt that Lemercier might well walk before a Rochebriant; but his very humility was a proof that he underrated himself.

Lemercier did not excel him in mind, but in experience. And just as the drilled soldier seems a much finer fellow than the raw recruit, because he knows how to carry himself, but after a year's discipline the raw recruit may excel in martial air the upright hero whom he now despairingly admires, and never dreams he can rival; so set a mind from a village into the drill of a capital, and see it a year after; it may tower a head higher than its recruiting-sergeant.

CHAPTER VI.

"I BELIEVE," said Lemerrier, as the *coups* rolled through the lively alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, "that Paris is built on a loadstone, and that every Frenchman with some iron globules in his blood is irresistibly attracted towards it. The English never seem to feel for London the passionate devotion that we feel for Paris. On the contrary, the London middle class, the commercialists, the shopkeepers, the clerks, even the superior artisans compelled to do their business in the capital, seem always scheming and pining to have their home out of it, though but in a suburb."

"You have been in London, Frederic?"

"Of course; it is the *mode* to visit that dull and hideous metropolis."

"If it be dull and hideous, no wonder the people who are compelled to do business in it seek the pleasures of home out of it."

"It is very droll that though the middle class entirely govern the melancholy Albion, it is the only country in Europe in which the middle class seem to have no amusements; nay, they legislate against amusement. They have no leisure-day but Sunday; and on that day they close all their theatres,—even their museums and picture-galleries. What amusements there may be in England are for the higher classes and the lowest."

"What are the amusements of the lowest class?"

"Getting drunk."

"Nothing else?"

"Yes. I was taken at night under protection of a policeman to some *cabarets*, where I found crowds of that class which is the stratum below the working class; lads who sweep crossings and hold horses, mendicants, and, I was told, thieves, girls whom a servant-maid would not speak to—very merry—dancing quadrilles and waltzes, and regaling themselves on sausages—the happiest-looking folks I found in all London—and, I must say, conducting themselves very decently."

"Ah!" Here Lemerrier pulled the check-string. "Will you object to a walk in this quiet alley? I see some one whom I have promised the Englishman to—But heed me, Alain; don't fall in love with her."

CHAPTER VII.

THE lady in the pearl-coloured dress! Certainly it was a face that might well

arrest the eye and linger long on the remembrance.

There are certain "beauty-women" as there are certain "beauty-men," in whose features one detects no fault—who are the show figures of any assembly in which they appear—but who, somehow or other, inspire no sentiment and excite no interest; they lack some expression, whether of mind, or of soul, or of heart, without which the most beautiful face is but a beautiful picture. This lady was not one of those "beauty-women." Her features taken singly were by no means perfect, nor were they set off by any brilliancy of colouring. But the countenance aroused and impressed the imagination with a belief that there was some history attached to it which you longed to learn. The hair, simply parted over a forehead unusually spacious and high for a woman, was of lustrous darkness; the eyes, of a deep violet blue, were shaded with long lashes.

Their expression was soft and mournful, but unobservant. She did not notice Alain and Lemerrier as the two men slowly passed her. She seemed abstracted, gazing into space as one absorbed in thought or reverie. Her complexion was clear and pale, and apparently betokened delicate health.

Lemerrier seated himself on a bench beside the path, and invited Alain to do the same. "She will return this way soon," said the Parisian, "and we can observe her more attentively and more respectfully thus seated than if we were on foot; meanwhile, what do you think of her? Is she French—is she Italian?—can she be English?"

"I should have guessed Italian, judging by the darkness of the hair and the outline of the features; but do Italians have so delicate a fairness of complexion?"

"Very rarely; and I should guess her to be French judging by the intelligence of her expression, the simple neatness of her dress, and by that nameless refinement of air in which a *Parisienne* excels all the descendants of Eve—if it were not for her eyes. I never saw a Frenchwoman with eyes of that peculiar shade of blue; and if a Frenchwoman had such eyes, I flatter myself she would have scarcely allowed us to pass without making some use of them."

"Do you think she is married?" asked Alain.

"I hope so—for a girl of her age, if *comme il faut*, can scarcely walk alone in

the Bois, and would not have acquired that look so intelligent—more than intelligent—so poetic.”

“But regard that air of unmistakable distinction, regard that expression of face—so pure, so virginal: *comme il faut* she must be.”

As Alain said these last words, the lady, who had turned back, was approaching them, and in full view of their gaze. She seemed unconscious of their existence as before, and Lemerrier noticed that her lips moved as if she were murmuring inaudibly to herself.

She did not return again, but continued her walk straight on till at the end of the alley she entered a carriage in waiting for her, and was driven off.

“Quick, quick!” cried Lemerrier, running towards his own *coupé*; “we must give chase.”

Alain followed somewhat less hurriedly, and, agreeably to instructions Lemerrier had already given to his coachman, the Parisian's *coupé* set off at full speed in the track of the strange lady's, which was still in sight.

In less than twenty minutes the carriage in chase stopped at the *grille* of one of those charming little villas to be found in the pleasant suburb of A—; a porter emerged from the lodge, opened the gate; the carriage drove in, again stopped at the door of the house, and the two gentlemen could not catch even a glimpse of the lady's robe as she descended from the carriage and disappeared within the house.

“I see a *café* yonder,” said Lemerrier; “let us learn all we can as to the fair unknown, over a *sorbet* or a *petit verre*.”

Alain silently, but not reluctantly, consented. He felt in the fair stranger an interest new to his existence.

They entered the little *café*, and in a few minutes Lemerrier, with the easy *savoir vivre* of a Parisian, had extracted from the *garçon* as much as probably any one in the neighbourhood knew of the inhabitants of the villa.

It had been hired and furnished about two months previously in the name of Signora Venosta; but according to the report of the servants, that lady appeared to be the *gouvernante* or guardian of a lady much younger, out of whose income the villa was rented and the household maintained.

It was for her the *coupé* was hired from Paris. The elder lady very rarely stirred out during the day, but always accompanied the younger in any evening

visits to the theatre or the houses of friends.

It was only within the last few weeks that such visits had been made.

The younger lady was in delicate health, and under the care of an English physician famous for skill in the treatment of pulmonary complaints. It was by his advice that she took daily walking exercise in the Bois. The establishment consisted of three servants, all Italians, and speaking but imperfect French. The *garçon* did not know whether either of the ladies was married, but their mode of life was free from all scandal or suspicion; they probably belonged to the literary or musical world, as the *garçon* had observed as their visitor the eminent author M. Savarin and his wife; and, still more frequently, an old man not less eminent as a musical composer.

“It is clear to me now,” said Lemerrier, as the two friends reentered themselves in the carriage, “that our pearly *ange* is some Italian singer of repute enough in her own country to have gained already a competence; and that, perhaps on account of her own health or her friend's, she is living quietly here in the expectation of some professional engagement, or the absence of some foreign lover.”

“Lover! do you think that?” exclaimed Alain, in a tone of voice that betrayed pain.

“It is possible enough; and in that case the Englishman may profit little by the information I have promised to give him.”

“You have promised the Englishman?”

“Do you not remember last night that he described the lady, and said that her face haunted him: and I—”

“Ah! I remember now. What do you know of this Englishman? He is rich, I suppose.”

“Yes, I hear he is very rich now; that an uncle lately left him an enormous sum of money. He was attached to the English Embassy many years ago, which accounts for his good French and his knowledge of Parisian life. He comes to Paris very often, and I have known him some time. Indeed he has intrusted to me a difficult and delicate commission. The English tell me that his father was one of the most eminent members of their Parliament, of ancient birth, very highly connected, but ran out his fortune and died poor; that our friend had for some years to maintain himself, I fancy, by his pen; that he is considered very

able; and, now that his uncle has enriched him, likely to enter public life and run a career as distinguished as his father's."

"Happy man! happy are the English," said the Marquis with a sigh; and as the carriage now entered Paris, he pleaded the excuse of an engagement, bade his friend good-bye, and went his way mus- ing through the crowded streets.

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTER FROM ISAURA CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

VILLA D'—, A—.

I CAN never express to you, my beloved Eulalie, the strange charm which a letter from you throws over my poor little lonely world for days after it is received. There is always in it something that comforts, something that sustains, but also a something that troubles and disquiets me. I suppose Goethe is right, "that it is the property of true genius to disturb all settled ideas," in order, no doubt, to lift them into a higher level when they settle down again.

Your sketch of the new work you are meditating amid the orange-groves of Provence interests me intensely; yet, do you forgive me when I add that the interest is not without terror. I do not find myself able to comprehend how, amid those lovely scenes of nature, your mind voluntarily surrounds itself with images of pain and discord. I stand in awe of the calm with which you subject to your analysis the infirmities of reason and the tumult of passion. And all those laws of the social state which seem to me so fixed and immovable you treat with so quiet a scorn, as if they were but the gossamer threads which a touch of your slight woman's hand could brush away. But I cannot venture to discuss such subjects with you. It is only the skilled enchanter who can stand safely in the magic circle, and compel the spirits that he summons, even if they are evil, to minister to ends in which he foresees a good.

We continue to live here very quietly, and I do not as yet feel the worse for the colder climate. Indeed, my wonderful doctor, who was recommended to me as American, but is in reality English, assures me that a single winter spent here under his care will suffice for my complete re-establishment. Yet that career, to the training for which so many years have been devoted, does not seem to me so alluring as it once did.

I have much to say on this subject, which I defer till I can better collect my own thoughts on it—at present they are confused and struggling. The great *Maestro* has been most gracious.

In what a radiant atmosphere his genius lives and breathes! Even in his cynical moods, his very cynicism has in it the ring of a jocund music—the laugh of Figaro, not of Mephistopheles.

We went to dine with him last week; he invited to meet us Madame S—, who has this year conquered all opposition, and reigns alone, the great S—. Mr. T—, a pianist of admirable promise—your friend M. Savarin, wit, critic, and poet, with his pleasant sensible wife, and a few others whom the *Maestro* confided to me in a whisper, were, authorities in the press. After dinner S— sang to us magnificently, of course. Then she herself graciously turned to me, said how much she had heard from the *Maestro* in my praise, and so-and-so. I was persuaded to sing after her. I need not say to what disadvantage. But I forgot my nervousness; I forgot my audience; I forgot myself, as I always do when once my soul, as it were, finds wing in music, and buoys itself in air, relieved from the sense of earth. I knew not that I had succeeded till I came to a close and then my eyes resting on the face of the grand *prima donna*, I was seized with an indescribable sadness—with a keen pang of remorse. Perfect *artiste* though she be, and with powers in her own realm of art which admit of no living equal, I saw at once that I had pained her; she had grown almost livid; her lips were quivering, and it was only with a great effort that she muttered out some faint words intended for applause. I comprehended by an instinct how gradually there can grow upon the mind of an artist the most generous that jealousy which makes the fear of a rival annihilate the delight in art. If ever I should achieve S—'s fame as a singer, should I feel the same jealousy? I think not now, but I have not been tested. She went away abruptly. I spare you the recital of the compliments paid to me by my other auditors, compliments that gave me no pleasure; for on all lips, except those of the *Maestro*, they implied, as the height of eulogy, that I had inflicted torture upon S—. "If so," said he, "she would be as foolish as a rose that was jealous of the whiteness of a lily. You would do yourself great wrong, my child, if you tried to vie with the rose in its own colour."

He patted my bended head as he spoke, with that kind of fatherly king-like fondness with which he honours me; and I took his hand in mine, and kissed it gratefully. "Nevertheless," said Savarin, "when the lily comes out there will be a furious attack on it, made by the clique that devotes itself to the rose: a lily clique will be formed *en revanche*, and I foresee a fierce paper war. Do not be frightened at its first outburst; every fame worth having must be fought for."

Is it so? have you had to fight for your fame, Eulalie? and do you hate all contest as much as I do?

Our only other gaiety since I last wrote was a *soirée* at M. Louvier's. That republican *millionnaire* was not slow in attending to the kind letter you addressed to him recommending us to his civilities. He called at once, placed his good offices at our disposal, took charge of my modest fortune which he has invested, no doubt, as safely as it is advantageously in point of interest, hired our carriage for us, and in short has been most amiably useful.

At his house we met many to me most pleasant, for they spoke with such genuine appreciation of your works and yourself. But there were others whom I should never have expected to meet under the roof of a Cræsus who has so great a stake in the order of things established. One young man—a noble whom he specially presented to me, as a politician who would be at the head of affairs when the Red Republic was established—asked me whether I did not agree with him that all private property was public spoliation, and that the great enemy to civilization was religion, no matter in what form?

He addressed to me these tremendous questions with an effeminate lisp, and harangued on them with small feeble gesticulations of pale dainty fingers covered with rings.

I asked him if there were many who in France shared his ideas.

"Quite enough to carry them some day," he answered, with a lofty smile. "And the day may be nearer than the world thinks, when my *confrères* will be so numerous that they will have to shoot down each other for the sake of cheese to their bread."

That day nearer than the world thinks! Certainly, so far as one may judge the outward signs of the world at Paris, it does not think of such things at all. With what an air of self-content the beautiful city parades her riches! Who can

gaze on her splendid palaces, her gorgeous shops, and believe that she will give ear to doctrines that would annihilate private rights of property; or who can enter her crowded churches, and dream that she can ever again instal a republic too civilized for religion?

Adieu. Excuse me for this dull letter. If I have written on much that has little interest even for me, it is that I wish to distract my mind from brooding over the question that interests me most, and on which I most need your counsel. I will try to approach it in my next. ISAURA.

From the Same to the Same.

Eulalie, Eulalie!—What mocking spirit has been permitted in this modern age of ours to place in the heart of woman the ambition which is the prerogative of men?—You indeed, so richly endowed with a man's genius, have a right to man's aspirations. But what can justify such ambition in me? Nothing but this one unintellectual perishable gift of a voice that does but please in uttering the thoughts of others. Doubtless I could make a name familiar for its brief time to the talk of Europe—a name, what name? a singer's name. Once I thought that name a glory. Shall I ever forget the day when you first shone upon me; when, emerging from childhood, as from a dim and solitary bypath, I stood forlorn on the great thoroughfare of life, and all the prospects before me stretched sad in mists and in rain? You beamed on me then as the sun coming out from the cloud and changing the face of earth; you opened to my sight the fairy-land of poetry and art; you took me by the hand and said, "Courage! there is at each step some green gap in the hedge-rows, some soft escape from the stony thoroughfare. Beside the real life expands the ideal life to those who seek it. Droop not, seek it; the ideal life has its sorrows, but it never admits despair; as on the ear of him who follows the winding course of a stream, the stream ever varies the note of its music, now loud with the rush of the falls, now low and calm as it glides by the level marge of smooth banks; now sighing through the stir of the reeds, now babbling with a fretful joy as some sudden curve on the shore stays its flight among gleaming pebbles;—so to the soul of the artist is the voice of the art ever fleeting beside and before him. Nature gave thee the bird's gift of song—raise the gift into art, and make the art thy companion.

"Art and Hope were twin-born, and they die together."

See how faithfully I remember, methinks, your very words. But the magic of the words, which I then but dimly understood, was in your smile and in your eye, and the queen-like wave of your hand as if beckoning to a world which lay before you, visible and familiar as your native land. And how devotedly, with what earnestness of passion, I gave myself up to the task of raising my gift into an art! I thought of nothing else, dreamed of nothing else; and oh, how sweet to me then were words of praise. "Another year yet," at length said the masters, "and you ascend your throne among the queens of song." Then — then — I would have changed for no other throne on earth my hope of that to be achieved in the realms of my art. And then came that long fever: my strength broke down, and the *Mastro* said, "Rest, or your voice is gone, and your throne is lost forever." How hateful that rest seemed to me! You again came to my aid. You said, "The time you think lost should be but time improved. Penetrate your mind with other songs than the trash of *Libretti*. The more you habituate yourself to the forms, the more you imbue yourself with the spirit, in which passions have been expressed and character delineated by great writers, the more completely you will accomplish yourself in your own special art of singer and actress." So, then, you allured me to a new study. Ah! in so doing did you dream that you diverted me from the old ambition? My knowledge of French and Italian, and my rearing in childhood, which had made English familiar to me, gave me the keys to the treasure-houses of three languages. Naturally I began with that in which your masterpieces are composed. Till then I had not even read your works. They were the first I chose. How they impressed, how they startled me! what depths in the mind of man, in the heart of woman, they revealed to me! But I owned to you then, and I repeat it now, neither they nor any of the works in romance and poetry which form the boast of recent French literature, satisfied yearnings for that calm sense of beauty, that divine joy in a world beyond this world, which you had led me to believe it was the prerogative of ideal art to bestow. And when I told you this with the rude frankness you had bid me exercise in talk with you, a thoughtful melancholy shade fell over your face, and you said

quietly, "You are right, child; we, the French of our time, are the offspring of revolutions that settled nothing, unsettled all: we resemble those troubled States which rush into war abroad in order to re-establish peace at home. Our books suggest problems to men for reconstructing some social system in which the calm that belongs to art may be found at last: but such books should not be in your hands; they are not for the innocence and youth of women, as yet unchanged by the systems which exist." And the next day you brought me Tasso's great poem, the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and said, smiling, "Art in its calm is here."

You remember that I was then at Sorrento by the order of my physicians. Never shall I forget the soft autumn day when I sat amongst the lonely rocklets to the left of the town — the sea before me, with scarce a ripple; my very heart steeped in the melodies of that poem, so marvellous for a strength disguised in sweetness, and for a symmetry in which each proportion blends into the other with the perfectness of a Grecian statue. The whole place seemed to me filled with the presence of the poet to whom it had given birth. Certainly the reading of that poem formed an era in my existence; to this day I cannot acknowledge the faults or weaknesses which your criticisms pointed out — I believe because they are in unison with my own nature, which yearns for harmony, and, finding that, rests contented. I shrink from violent contrasts, and can discover nothing tame and insipid in a continuance of sweetness and serenity. But it was not till after I had read *La Gerusalemme* again and again, and then sat and brooded over it, that I recognized the main charm of the poem in the religion which clings to it as the perfume clings to a flower — a religion sometimes melancholy, but never to me sad. Hope always pervades it. Surely if, as you said, "Hope is twin-born with art," it is because art at its highest blends itself unconsciously with religion, and proclaims its affinity with hope by its faith in some future good more perfect than it has realized in the past.

Be this as it may, it was in this poem so pre-eminently Christian that I found the something which I missed and craved for in modern French masterpieces, even yours — a something spiritual, speaking to my own soul, calling it forth; distinguishing it as an essence apart from mere

human reason; soothing, even when it excited; making earth nearer to heaven. And when I ran on in this strain to you after my own wild fashion, you took my head between your hands and kissed me, and said, "Happy are those who believe! long may that happiness be thine!" Why did I not feel in Dante the Christian charm that I felt in Tasso? Dante in your eyes, as in those of most judges, is infinitely the greater genius, but reflected on the dark stream of that genius the stars are so troubled, the heaven so threatening.

Just as my year of holiday was expiring I turned to English literature; and Shakespeare, of course, was the first English poet put into my hands. It proves how childlike my mind still was, that my earliest sensation in reading him was that of disappointment. It was not only that, despite my familiarity with English (thanks chiefly to the care of him whom I call my second father), there is much in the metaphorical diction of Shakespeare which I failed to comprehend; but he seemed to me so far like the modern French writers who affect to have found inspiration in his muse, that he obtrudes images of pain and suffering without cause or motive sufficiently clear to ordinary understandings, as I had taught myself to think it ought to be in the drama.

He makes Fate so cruel that we lose sight of the mild deity behind her. Compare, in this, Corneille's "*Polyeucte*" with the "*Hamlet*." In the first an equal calamity befalls the good, but in their calamity they are blessed. The death of the martyr is the triumph of his creed. But when we have put down the English tragedy—when Hamlet and Ophelia are confounded in death with Polonius and the fratricidal king, we see not what good end for humanity is achieved. The passages that fasten on our memory do not make us happier and holier; they suggest but terrible problems, to which they give us no solution.

In the "*Horaces*" of Corneille there are fierce contests, rude passions, tears drawn from some of the bitterest sources of human pity; but then through all stands out, large and visible to the eyes of all spectators, the great ideal of devoted patriotism. How much of all that has been grandest in the life of France, redeeming even its worst crimes of revolution in the love of country, has had its origin in the "*Horaces*" of Corneille. But I doubt if the fates of Coriolanus, and Cæsar, and Brutus, and Antony, in

the giant tragedies of Shakespeare, have made Englishmen more willing to die for England. In fine, it was long before—I will not say I understood or rightly appreciated Shakespeare, for no Englishman would admit that I or even you could ever do so—but before I could recognize the justice of the place his country claims for him as the genius without an equal in the literature of Europe. Meanwhile the ardour I had put into study, and the wear and tear of the emotions which the study called forth, made themselves felt in a return of my former illness, with symptoms still more alarming; and when the year was out I was ordained to rest for perhaps another year before I could sing in public, still less appear on the stage. How I rejoiced when I heard that fiat, for I emerged from that year of study with a heart utterly estranged from the profession in which I had centred my hopes before—. Yes, Eulalie, you had bid me accomplish myself for the arts of utterance by the study of arts in which thoughts originate the words they employ, and in doing so—I had changed myself into another being. I was forbidden all fatigue of mind; my books were banished, but not the new self which the books had formed. Recovering slowly through the summer, I came hither two months since, ostensibly for the advice of Dr. C—, but really in the desire to commune with my own heart, and be still.

And now I have poured forth that heart to you—would you persuade me still to be a singer? If you do, remember at least how jealous and absorbing the art of the singer and of the actress is. How completely I must surrender myself to it, and live among books, or among dreams, no more. Can I be anything else but a singer? and if not, should I be contented merely to read and to dream?

I must confide to you one ambition which during the lazy Italian summer took possession of me—I must tell you the ambition, and add that I have renounced it as a vain one. I had hoped that I could compose, I mean in music. I was pleased with some things I did—they expressed in music what I could not express in words; and one secret object in coming here was to submit them to the great *Mæstro*. He listened to them patiently; he complimented me on my accuracy in the mechanical laws of composition; he even said that my favourite airs were "*touchants et gracieux*."

And so he would have left me, but I stopped him timidly, and said, "Tell me

frankly, do you think that with time and study I could compose music such as singers equal to myself would sing to?"

"You mean as a professional composer?"

"Well, yes."

"And to the abandonment of your vocation as a singer?"

"Yes."

"My dear child, I should be your worst enemy if I encouraged such a notion; cling to the career in which you can be greatest; gain but health, and I wager my reputation on your glorious success on the stage. What can you be as a composer? You will set pretty music to pretty words, and will be sung in drawing-rooms with the fame a little more or less that generally attends the compositions of female amateurs. Aim at something higher, as I know you would do, and you will not succeed. Is there any instance in modern times, perhaps in any times, of a female composer who attains even to the eminence of a third-rate opera writer? Composition in letters may be of no sex. In that Madame Dudevant and your friend Madame de Grantmesnil can beat most men; but the genius of musical composition is *homme*, and accept it as a compliment when I say that you are essentially *femme*."

He left me, of course, mortified and humbled; but I feel he is right as regards myself, though whether in his depreciation of our whole sex I cannot say. But as this hope has left me, I have become more disquieted, still more restless. Counsel me, Eulalie; counsel, and, if possible, comfort me.

ISAURA.

From the Same to the Same.

No letter from you yet, and I have left you in peace for ten days. How do you think I have spent them? The *Maestro* called on us with M. Savarin, to insist on our accompanying them on a round of the theatres. I had not been to one since my arrival. I divined that the kind-hearted composer had a motive in this invitation. He thought that in witnessing the applauses bestowed on actors, and sharing in the fascination in which theatrical illusion holds an audience, my old passion for the stage, and with it the longing for an *artiste's* fame, would revive.

In my heart I wished that his expectations might be realized. Well for me if I could once more concentrate all my aspirations on a prize within my reach!

We went first to see a comedy greatly in vogue, and the author thoroughly understands the French stage of our day. The acting was excellent in its way. The next night we went to the *Odeon*, a romantic melodrama in six acts, and I know not how many *tableaux*. I found no fault with the acting there. I do not give you the rest of our programme. We visited all the principal theatres, reserving the opera and Madame S—— for the last. Before I speak of the opera, let me say a word or two on the plays.

There is no country in which the theatre has so great a hold on the public as in France; no country in which the successful dramatist has so high a fame; no country perhaps in which the state of the stage so faithfully represents the moral and intellectual condition of the people. I say this not, of course, from my experience of countries which I have not visited, but from all I hear of the stage in Germany and in England.

The impression left on my mind by the performances I witnessed is, that the French people are becoming dwarfed. The comedies that please them are but pleasant caricatures of petty sections in a corrupt society. They contain no large types of human nature; their witticisms convey no luminous flashes of truth; their sentiment is not pure and noble — it is a sickly and false perversion of the impure and ignoble into travesties of the pure and noble.

Their melodramas cannot be classed as literature — all that really remains of the old French genius is its *vaudeville*.

Great dramatists create great parts. One great part, such as a Rachel would gladly have accepted, I have not seen in the dramas of the young generation.

High art has taken refuge in the opera; but that is not French opera. I do not complain so much that French taste is less refined. I complain that French intellect is lowered. The descent from Polyucte to Ruy Blas is great, not so much in the poetry of form as in the elevation of thought; but the descent from Ruy Blas to the best drama now produced is out of poetry altogether, and into those flats of prose which give not even the glimpse of a mountain-top.

But now to the opera. S—— in Norma! The house was crowded, and its enthusiasm as loud as it was genuine. You tell me that S—— never rivalled Pasta, but certainly her Norma is a great performance. Her voice has lost less of its freshness than I had been told, and

what is lost of it her practised management conceals or carries off.

The *Maestro* was quite right — I could never vie with her in her own line; but conceited and vain as I may seem even to you in saying so, I feel in my own line that I could command as large an applause — of course taking into account my brief-lived advantage of youth. Her acting, apart from her voice, does not please me. It seems to me to want intelligence of the subtler feelings, the under-current of emotion, which constitutes the chief beauty of the situation and the character. Am I jealous when I say this? Read on and judge.

On our return that night, when I had seen the Venosta to bed, I went into my own room, opened the window, and looked out. A lovely night, mild as in spring at Florence — the moon at her full, and the stars looking so calm and so high beyond our reach of their tranquillity. The evergreens in the gardens of the villas around me silvered over, and the summer boughs, not yet clothed with leaves, were scarcely visible amid the changeless smile of the laurels. At the distance lay Paris only to be known by its innumerable lights. And then I said to myself —

"No, I cannot be an actress; I cannot resign my real self for that vamped-up hypocrite before the lamps. Out on those stage robes and painted cheeks! Out on that simulated utterance of sentiments learned by rote and practised before the looking-glass till every gesture has its drill."

Then I gazed on those stars which provoke our questionings, and return no answer, till my heart grew full, so full, and I bowed my head and wept like a child.

From the Same to the Same.

And still no letter from you! I see in the journals that you have left Nice. Is it that you are too absorbed in your work to have leisure to write to me? I know you are not ill; for if you were, all Paris would know of it. All Europe has an interest in your health. Positively I will write to you no more till a word from yourself bids me do so.

I fear I must give up my solitary walks in the Bois de Boulogne: they were very dear to me, partly because the quiet path to which I confined myself was that to which you directed me as the one you habitually selected when at Paris, and in which you had brooded over and revolved the loveliest of your romances; and partly because it was there that, catching,

alas! not inspiration but enthusiasm from the genius that had hallowed the place, and dreaming I might originate music, I nursed my own aspirations and murmured my own airs. And though so close to that world of Paris to which all artists must appeal for judgment or audience, the spot was so undisturbed, so sequestered. But of late that path has lost its solitude, and therefore its charm.

Six days ago the first person I encountered in my walk was a man whom I did not then heed. He seemed in thought, or rather in reverie, like myself; we passed each other twice or thrice, and I did not notice whether he was young or old, tall or short; but he came the next day, and a third day, and then I saw that he was young, and, in so regarding him, his eyes became fixed on mine. The fourth day he did not come, but two other men came, and the look of one was inquisitive and offensive. They sat themselves down on a bench in the walk, and though I did not seem to notice them, I hastened home; and the next day, in talking with our kind Madame Savarin, and alluding to these quiet walks of mine, she hinted, with the delicacy which is her characteristic, that the customs of Paris did not allow *Demoiselles comme il faut* to walk alone even in the most sequestered paths of the Bois.

I begin now to comprehend your disdain of customs which impose chains so idly galling on the liberty of our sex.

We dined with the Savarins last evening: what a joyous nature he has! Not reading Latin, I only know Horace by translations, which I am told are bad; but Savarin seems to me a sort of half Horace. Horace on his town-bred side, so playfully well-bred, so good-humoured in his philosophy, so affectionate to friends, and so biting to foes. But certainly Savarin could not have lived in a country farm upon endives and mallows. He is town-bred and Parisian, *jusqu'au bout des ongles*. How he admires you, and how I love him for it! Only in one thing he disappoints me there. It is your style that he chiefly praises: certainly that style is matchless; but style is only the clothing of thought, and to praise your style seems to me almost as invidious as the compliment to some perfect beauty, not on her form and face, but on her taste in dress.

We met at dinner an American and his wife — a Colonel and Mrs. Morley: she is delicately handsome, as the American women I have seen generally are, and

with that frank vivacity of manner which distinguishes them from English women. She seemed to take a fancy to me, and we soon grew very good friends.

She is the first advocate I have met, except yourself, of that doctrine upon the Rights of Women — of which one reads more in the journals than one hears discussed in *salons*.

Naturally enough I felt great interest in that subject, more especially since my rambles in the Bois were forbidden; and as long as she declaimed on the hard fate of the women who, feeling within them powers that struggle for air and light beyond the close precinct of household duties, find themselves restricted from fair rivalry with men in such fields of knowledge and toil and glory, as men since the world began have appropriated to themselves, I need not say that I went with her cordially: you can guess that by my former letters. But when she entered into the detailed catalogue of our exact wrongs and our exact rights, I felt all the pusillanimity of my sex, and shrank back in terror.

Her husband, joining us when she was in full tide of eloquence, smiled at me with a kind of saturnine mirth. "Madoiselle, don't believe a word she says; it is only tall talk! In America the women are absolute tyrants, and it is I who, in concert with my oppressed countrymen, am going in for a platform agitation to restore the Rights of Men."

Upon this there was a lively battle of words between the spouses, in which, I must own, I thought the lady was decidedly worsted.

No, Eulalie, I see nothing in these schemes for altering our relations towards the other sex which would improve our condition. The inequalities we suffer are not imposed by law — not even by convention; they are imposed by nature.

Eulalie, you have had an experience unknown to me; you have loved. In that day did you — you, round whom poets and sages and statesmen gather, listening to your words as to an oracle — did you feel that your pride of genius had gone out from you — that your ambition lived in him whom you loved — that his smile was more to you than the applause of a world?

I feel as if love in a woman must destroy her rights of equality — that it gives to her a sovereign even in one who would be inferior to herself if her love did not glorify and crown him. Ah! if I could but merge this terrible egotism which op-

presses me, into the being of some one who is what I would wish to be were I man! I would not ask him to achieve fame. Enough if I felt that he was worthy of it, and happier methinks to console him when he failed than to triumph with him when he won. Tell me, have you felt this? When you loved did you stoop as to a slave, or did you bow down as to a master?

From Madame de Grantmesnil to Isaura Cicogna.

Chère enfant, — All your four letters have reached me the same day. In one of my sudden whims I set off with a few friends on a rapid tour along the Riviera to Genoa, thence to Turin on to Milan. Not knowing where we should rest even for a day, my letters were not forwarded.

I came back to Nice yesterday, consoled for all fatigues in having insured that accuracy in description of localities which my work necessitates.

You are, my poor child, in that revolutionary crisis through which genius passes in youth before it knows its own self, and longs vaguely to do or to be a something other than it has done or has been before. For, not to be unjust to your own powers, genius you have — that inborn undefinable essence, including talent, and yet distinct from it. Genius you have, but genius unconcentrated, undisciplined. I see, though you are too diffident to say so openly, that you shrink from the fame of singer, because, fevered by your reading, you would fain aspire to the thorny crown of author. I echo the hard saying of the *Mastro*, I should be your worst enemy did I encourage you to forsake a career in which a dazzling success is so assured, for one in which, if it were your true vocation, you would not ask whether you were fit for it; you would be impelled to it by the terrible star which presides over the birth of poets.

Have you, who are so naturally observant, and of late have become so reflective, never remarked that authors, however absorbed in their own craft, do not wish their children to adopt it? The most successful author is perhaps the last person to whom neophytes should come for encouragement. This I think is not the case with the cultivators of the sister arts. The painter, the sculptor, the musician, seem disposed to invite disciples and welcome acolytes. As for those engaged in the practical affairs of life, fathers mostly wished their sons to be as they have been.

The politician, the lawyer, the merchant, each says to his children, "Follow my steps." All parents in practical life would at least agree in this—they would not wish their sons to be poets. There must be some sound cause in the world's philosophy for this general concurrence of digression from a road of which the travellers themselves say to those whom they love best, "Beware!"

Romance in youth is, if rightly understood, the happiest nutriment of wisdom in after-years; but I would never invite any one to look upon the romance of youth as a thing

To case in periods and embalm in ink.

Enfant, have you need of a publisher to create romance? Is it not in yourself? Do not imagine that genius requires for its enjoyment the scratch of the pen and types of the printer. Do not suppose that the poet, the *romancier*, is most poetic, most romantic, when he is striving, struggling, labouring, to check the rush of his ideas, and materialize the images which visit him as souls into such tangible likenesses of flesh and blood that the highest compliment a reader can bestow on them is to say that they are life-like? No: the poet's real delight is not in the mechanism of composing; the best part of that delight is in the sympathies he has established with innumerable modifications of life and form, and art and nature—sympathies which are often found equally keen in those who have not the same gift of language. The poet is but the interpreter. What of?—Truths in the hearts of others. He utters what they feel. Is the joy in the utterance? Nay, it is in the feeling itself. So, my dear, dark-bright child of song, when I bade thee open out of the beaten thoroughfare, paths into the meads and river-banks at either side of the formal hedgerows, rightly dost thou add that I enjoined thee to make thine art thy companion. In the culture of that art for which you are so eminently gifted, you will find the ideal life ever beside the real. Are you not ashamed to tell me that in that art you do but utter the thoughts of others? You utter them in music; through the music you not only give to the thoughts a new character, but you make them reproductive of fresh thoughts in your audience.

You said very truly that you found in composing you could put into music thoughts which you could not put into

words. That is the peculiar distinction of music. No genuine musician can explain in words exactly what he means to convey in his music.

How little a *libretto* interprets an opera—how little we care even to read it! It is the music that speaks to us; and how?—Through the human voice. We do not notice how poor are the words which the voice warbles. It is the voice itself interpreting the soul of the musician which enchants and entralls us. And you who have that voice pretend to despise the gift. What! despise the power of communicating delight! the power that we authors envy; and rarely, if ever, can we give delight with so little alloy as the singer.

And when an audience disperses, can you guess what griefs the singer may have comforted? what hard hearts he may have softened? what high thoughts he may have awakened?

You say, "Out on the vamped-up hypocrite! Out on the stage-ropes and painted cheeks!"

I say, "Out on the morbid spirit which so cynically regards the mere details by which a whole effect on the minds and hearts and souls of races and nations can be produced!"

There, have I scolded you sufficiently? I should scold you more, if I did not see in the affluence of your youth and your intellect the cause of your restlessness.

Riches are always restless. It is only to poverty that the gods give content.

You question me about love: you ask if I have ever bowed to a master, ever merged my life in another's: expect no answer on this from me. Circe herself could give no answer to the simplest maid, who, never having loved, asks, "What is love?"

In the history of the passions each human heart is a world in itself; its experience profits no others. In no two lives does love play the same part or bequeath the same record.

I know not whether I am glad or sorry that the word "love" now falls on my ear with a sound as slight and as faint as the dropping of a leaf in autumn may fall on thine.

I volunteer but this lesson, the wisest I can give, if thou canst understand it: as I bade thee take art into thy life, so learn to look on life itself as an art. Thou couldst discover the charm in Tas-so; thou couldst perceive that the requisite of all art, that which pleases, is in the harmony of proportion. We lose

sight of beauty if we exaggerate the feature most beautiful.

Love proportioned, adorns the homeliest existence; love disproportioned, deforms the fairest.

Alas! wilt thou remember this warning when the time comes in which it may be needed? E—— G——.

From The Contemporary Review.

MENDICITY: FROM A CLERICAL POINT OF VIEW.

A CLERGYMAN, especially in London, has much experience of mendicants of every degree, from the pretentious "solicitor" down to the humble "loafer." The latter he finds, sometimes makes, in more or less abundance, in his own parish. The "solicitors," coming he knows not whence, find *him*, and lose no time in making his acquaintance. No sooner is he settled in his lodgings, on his appointment to his first curacy, than they are upon him; for they like to catch him whilst he is young and innocent. They come with loud double knock; they enter his room with the confident air of old friends; they salute him by name; they shake hands with him, talk with him about the weather, inquire if he is any relation to some one of the same name in such and such a town, and sometimes even mention the names of some of his college friends. Finally it turns out that they are in a little temporary difficulty; and of course it is impossible for him to be hard-hearted towards gentlemen with whom he has been engaged in pleasant conversation. How do they manage so quickly to know all about him? Do they hang about London House in Ember week, like crimps about a ship that is being paid off, and somehow contrive to get a list of all the candidates for ordination, so that they may lose no time in setting to work? Do they, at whatever headquarters they may frequent, take in the "Clergy List," the "Clerical Directory," the "University Calendars," the "Ecclesiastical Gazette," &c.? Do they employ a secretary, whose business it is to register each new comer, and to record all the information that can be procured about him? No doubt they are quite equal to the organization of such a system. But I have no light to throw upon the subject. Various are the characters they assume. One is a brother clergyman, another a scripture reader, another a cap-

tain in the army, another a lieutenant in the navy. Another has committed a crime which weighs on his conscience, and he has come for advice as to whether he should deliver himself up to justice; only the crime was committed at Southampton or Brighton, and he has not the means to pay his fare. Another is an author, who has just lost his wife, and, what with her illness and funeral, he has been put to such heavy expenses that he is obliged to have recourse to what he would never otherwise have thought of—the soliciting of your attention to his last work. Another has difficulties on the subject of prayer, and having, by a fortunate coincidence, heard your last sermon, has entertained a hope, from some words you let fall in that excellent discourse, that you are able to set his perplexity at rest. He will probably, if you are of a hospitable disposition, get at least a luncheon or two out of you. Whether he has the ulterior design of making a great hit by publishing "The Answers of the Clergy to an Inquiring Spirit," remains to be seen.

Such are the master mendicants with whom the London curate comes in contact during the period of his deaconship; and as long as he cordially receives them, and is willing to "lend" them the trifle they may happen to want, so long the succession of such visitors is brisk and continuous. But sooner or later he discovers that he is obliged to make a stand against them. As they are not his parishioners, he can only relieve them out of his own pocket; and as he is seldom overburdened with cash, he must make up his mind to discourage their visits, in order to save himself from becoming an inmate of the workhouse. The effect of his decision, if it be resolutely carried out, is quickly apparent; for no sooner does he firmly, however politely, dismiss a few of the brethren without acceding to their requests, than a perceptible diminution of their visits takes place. Not that he need expect to be ever quite free from them. To say nothing of stray practitioners, perhaps unconnected with headquarters, who from time to time will wait upon him, some even of his earliest visitors, as years roll on, will occasionally reappear. Either they forget that they have paid him a previous visit, or they reckon on his having forgotten it. Some time ago an elderly gentleman called upon me, and sent in his card, on which was printed the "Rev. —, M.A." I suppress the name, because it is one

borne by several respectable clergymen. He shook hands with me, and "with evident emotion" began to rehearse the tale of his wife's death, which had necessitated his coming to ask me to purchase some of his works. "Well, Mr. —," I said, "I do not think it worth while to repeat the reasons I gave you on the occasion of your first wife's death for not buying any of your works." "Then have I called on you before?" he asked. "Yes, and I do not wish to go through the conversation again." He merely bowed and went out. And yet when he called on me the first time I had great difficulty in getting rid of him. He took high ground, and talked about the lack of christian charity in brother clergymen now-a-days as contrasted with the abundance of it in apostolic times. But we understood each other on the second occasion, and there was no need of any conversation about apostolic times. Years had elapsed since his first visit.

What a life such a man must lead! Surely the dictum that the professional mendicant is ready to do anything rather than work must be received with considerable limitation. It appears to me that he does work; and very hard too. Whoever has taken a district, upon occasion of some parochial house-to-house visitation, for the purpose of collecting money for a national school or some similar object, is well aware that the soliciting of money from house to house, even under the most favourable circumstances, is not easy work. No doubt there is something rather exciting in the sudden transitions of feeling which await the house-to-house visitor. At one place he is received with the utmost deference, and perhaps is invited to partake of refreshment whilst the cheque-book is being got ready; from the next he is summarily ejected. On some men the rebuffs exercise a very depressing influence; but other men are only roused by them to more vigorous exertion. It is necessary that the successful mendicant should belong to the latter class. It is also necessary, in order that he may be able to stand the wear and tear of his occupation, that he should be of a speculative turn of mind. Some men cannot bear the monotony of a fixed settled income. They like it to fluctuate. Their turn of mind is a dangerous one. It may secure one man a villa at Twickenham; it consigns another to house-to-house visitation. Such visitation, I am sure, is no mere idle amusement. Mr. —, whatever else he may be, cannot be

idle. He does not look idle; he does not talk idle. He has all the appearance, the air and manner, the tone and conversation, of a very active man. I came on his track no less than four times soon after his last interview with me. I heard of his inquiring in a shop respecting the various parochial clergy. It was on a Saturday that he was thus engaged, and when the tradesman suggested that Saturday was a bad day for calling on clergyman, his scornful disparagement of the practice of leaving the writing of sermons to the end of the week testified to his instinctive aversion to idleness. Two ladies and a clergyman also informed me that he had received a visit from this energetic man, and that he took the same high tone with them as he did on the first occasion with me. The clergyman said he could not assist him without making inquiries about him. "Sir," said the other, "the Master never made inquiries before He gave help." "No," said my friend, "but the Master knew what was in man, and I do not." The mention of these facts may save some reader from being imposed upon by Mr. —; though so clever a tactician has doubtless more manoeuvres than one.

Great, indeed, is the versatility of the fraternity. Two men, one dressed in black, with a white tie, once called upon me, and unrolled a petition to Parliament in favour of some new restrictive legislation concerning the observance of Sunday. They requested my signature. Having doubts about the wisdom of overmuch legislation on this subject, I began to argue the point with them, when they tried to intimidate me by saying that I should stand alone among the clergy if I refused to sign; and they showed me the names of some of the clergy. I said that "standing alone" was nothing to me, even if I did stand alone, which I did not believe. So off they went. Next day I asked my brother curate if they had been to him. "Yes," he said; "and I signed the petition." He then told me that, after he had signed, they said that the expenses of the petition were very heavy, and therefore they hoped he would give a subscription towards defraying them. Accordingly he subscribed. A few days afterwards I was in the shop of a tradesman who told me that he had been signing a petition about "Early Closing;" and he also, it appeared, had been asked for a subscription, which he gave. I asked him to describe the men. Sure enough, the "Sabbath" petitioners who had been working the clergy were also the "Early Closing"

petitioners who were working the tradesmen. Such men as these must take a positive delight in chicanery, and are willing to take any amount of trouble to indulge their propensity. To say that it would be better if they employed their talents for some other purpose is altogether wide of the mark. They would be the same men, having recourse to the same manœuvres, in any other course of life. In order to gain their ends they make it their business to cajole, to flatter, to intimidate. They would do the same, whatever they supposed their ends to be. The same thing, indeed, is done continually by many who would be very much surprised at having imputed to them any sympathy with the tactics of fictitious advocates of Early Closing and Sabbath Observance. The argument used to induce me to sign the "petition" would have been none the less objectionable even if the document had been genuine. And yet it is but a fair specimen of a kind of argument which is frequently brought to bear upon members of my profession who manifest any reluctance to sign one or other of the numerous "protests" to which our adhesion is from time to time demanded. No clergyman will have forgotten the famous "Declaration," to which his signature was requested by a committee of influential laymen and church dignitaries, who accompanied their solicitation with the significant hint that "A copy of this Declaration, with the signatures affixed, will be forwarded to each of the Bishops." It is difficult to believe that such a committee as that which put forth this "Declaration" could have deliberately agreed to appeal to an abject motive by putting the screw on us in this way. Perhaps they handed over the document to some experienced electioneering agent, who of his own accord added the offensive clause, and in so doing prided himself on his cleverness. A tactician of high repute as a counter of heads, a collector of signatures, a gatherer of funds, he may have been, and no doubt was. But such a man, capable of such a device, can do neither his employers, nor those whom they set him to influence, nor least of all himself, any good. He may make a successful beggar, if that be his line, or something else equally successful and equally objectionable, if respectability or even orthodoxy be his line; but the doing of good, whether to himself or to others, is altogether another matter. My "Sabbath" petitioners throw light upon all intimidators of the "inferior" clergy.

From which it appears, and from much else of a like kind which might be adduced, that the professional mendicant supplies a useful element in the training of the clergy. He enlarges their knowledge of human nature; a department of knowledge in which they, of all men, need to be proficient. They see reproduced in him, under circumstances favourable to accurate diagnosis, many traits of conduct and character which in a more respectable sphere not only pass muster but even gain credit. They learn to know what these traits indicate, and to rate at their true value some of the arts by which in high places a specious reputation may be achieved and sustained. Hence, whilst ready to co-operate with "public opinion" in such manipulation of outward circumstances as may tend in low places to render the impostor less obnoxious to "society," they feel that the stronghold of imposture is to be sought and assailed in a region above the sphere of the professional mendicant.

This way of looking at things admits of wide application. Listen, for instance, to that sonorous, fluent, unctuous voice, proclaiming in the street a tale of sudden and overwhelming distress. The man, it is evident, has the gift of utterance; though whether he is speaking *extempore* or is using what is technically known among other public speakers as the *memoriter* system, is perhaps not easy to determine. Most reluctantly, he says, has he at length been driven by dire necessity to appeal to the benevolence of "kind christian friends;" and may they never, he hopes and trusts, know by experience what it is to be reduced to the same extremity. Every now and then he intersperses his oration with an address to the child in his arms, half commiserating half congratulating it because of its unconsciousness of "poor father's misfortune." A boy and girl walk one on either side of the "father," looking as if they think it a great bore to be thus occupied instead of playing about like other children. But the man does not look as if he thinks it a bore. However he may try to seem miserable, he still leaves on one's mind the impression that he takes a positive delight in hearing the sound of his own voice, that he is very proud of his natural powers, and that he regards anything that may be given him as a just tribute to his ability as a speaker. Whenever he catches sight of me I have no doubt he mentally says:—"Now, if you and I were to change places, I should rise to be

at least a canon, and you would starve." Very likely. A loud voice, with a little dramatic action, goes a long way in the pulpit. If it does not go quite so far in the street, the reason must be sought in the counter-attractions of the street. Some streets are specially ill-adapted to its operations. A lively thoroughfare, with plenty of traffic, does not suit it at all. For other reasons an aristocratic square, however quiet, is not a favourite haunt of our friend with the loud voice. Not that he supposes the rich to be less charitable than the poor, or on the other hand naturally more acute to see through an impostor. But he is aware that information is more generally diffused among the rich than among the poor concerning the unadvisableness of relieving such as cry in the streets; and his knowledge of human nature tells him that under his present circumstances he cannot hope to be appreciated and rewarded as an orator by the genteel, however they may flock in crowds to hear and applaud some less gifted speaker on a respectable platform. Very wisely then he betakes himself to such quiet streets as are inhabited by comparatively poor people, who are not deterred by conventional prejudices from recognizing in him a man of talent unfortunately reduced to the streets for an arena. Of course it is advisable, if one can do so with effect, to warn these people against the arts of such an impostor. But in so doing one does but lay the axe to a mere branch of the evil. The root lies deep down in the readiness of mankind to give undue heed to mere rhetorical speech. Many a so-called eloquent oration, delivered in behalf of a really good cause, is as full of unwholesome exaggeration as the street-beggar's appeal. All who are led away by it get their taste more and more vitiated, until at last they lose all power of instinctive appreciation of the truth when set forth with the plain simplicity with which it best harmonizes. Let them cultivate the habit of resolutely and sedulously seeking for truth, and truth only, whether in thinking for themselves, or in listening to others; and they will spontaneously and unconsciously turn a deaf ear to mere rhetoric, no matter whether they hear it from the pulpit or platform in a good cause, from the stump in a doubtful one, or from the street in behalf of a downright falsehood.

But your "way of looking at things," some one will perhaps say to me, seems to tend to a general distrust of human

nature? Not at all. The more one studies human nature, the more one is able to perceive that no one, not even a street-beggar, is to be deemed altogether out of the pale of sympathy. If some experience of the arts of the mendicant throws light, as I have said, upon the means often used to advance more reputable ends than those of the mendicant, further experience may reveal a ground of sympathy even with the mendicant himself. Walking one day with a friend in a London suburb, I saw a woman begging at the door of a house. The door, as we passed, was shut in her face, and she ran after us with the usual whining request for alms. "You will presently hear that woman's tone change," I said to my friend. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," she said, as she caught sight of my face; "I didn't know it was you." "Well, Mrs. Smith," I said, "have you heard lately from John?" She put her hand in her pocket, took out a well-worn letter, and gave it to me to read. Having read it, I asked a few more questions about John, and gave her back the letter with a shilling, for which she thanked me and went on her way. "I thought you never gave to beggars?" said my friend. "You thought quite right," I said; "I gave, not to the beggar, but to the woman. She knows what I think of her begging. But she has a claim on my sympathy." I had known her years before, as a parishioner of mine, in a district where I had been curate. She was already a confirmed beggar when I first became acquainted with her. But she had a son, in whom I took an interest, and who enlisted, much for his own benefit, in a regiment which went abroad. To this son, the John above mentioned, I had reason to know she was sincerely attached. He had often been a subject of conversation between us; and I think that a common ground of sympathy in an unlikely quarter deserves the tribute of an occasional shilling. The district in which this woman lived was, when I knew it, now many years ago, a peculiar one. It was a headquarters of very queer people — mountebanks, beggars of every kind, thieves, burglars, garotters. It is only with the beggars that I am concerned in this paper. Not that I would venture to say that the beggar never trenches upon the thief's department. I only say that he is not necessarily a thief. But there is "honour," they say, even "among thieves;" and I have found it, of a certain kind, among beggars. One day, during the

period of my ministry in the "Devil's Acre," as it used to be called, a man well known to me, with a bundle of tracts in his hand, accosted me and asked me to give him something in consideration of his vocation as a tract-distributor. This man I did suspect of being a thief. His tracts, I believed, were only a cloak for facilitating the operations of an "area sneak." So I took a tract from him, and said I would pay him a visit at the lodging-house where he lived, a notorious resort for such characters. I went there late the same evening, and found him, as I expected, in the kitchen, which served as the common room. A good number of the fraternity were present. Holding the tract in my hand, I said, addressing them all, that I had come to make a complaint. How was I properly to discharge my duty as a clergyman in that street if there were to be practised on me any of the moves by which some of them were in the habit of imposing upon the public? What a thing it would be, for instance, if, whilst I might be upstairs in that very house engaged in prayer with a sick man, the conversation downstairs should turn upon the subject of the best way of humbugging the parson! This protest meeting with general and decided approval, I pointed out the tract-distributor as the offender whose conduct had led to these remarks, and rated him soundly, amid cries of "Hear, hear," for having plied me with cant. The only other occasion on which I found it necessary to have recourse to anything like a public protest among these people was on this wise. A young man came up to me one evening as I was just entering the night-school, and, showing me a hospital in-patient's letter, asked me for some money to buy flannel and linen, which he said he should need in the hospital, into which he was to be admitted on the following day. I took the letter from him, in which was written his name and address, and said I would attend to the matter after the closing of the school. On going to his abode, another of the numerous lodging-houses in that locality, I did not find him in the common room. So I informed the assembled company of the request which had been made to me, and, leaving the letter with them, said that if they would let me know of the young man's admission into the hospital, I would visit him there and give him whatever I might ascertain to be necessary. I heard no more of the matter, and I have no doubt that on his return home that night he was told with a

laugh that the parson was not quite so green as he had supposed. Partly by these protests, but chiefly, I am disposed to think, by reason of a general feeling that the clergy of the district were not fair game for strictly professional operations, I arrived at something like a straightforward understanding with these people. My acquaintance with them was real as far as it went. In short, I knew them in private life: and I am bound to record, as the result of personal observation, that it is possible, if one can but get a clear view of him apart from his professional pursuits, to feel no little interest even in a street-beggar. I have known a woman support an aged bed-ridden husband by begging from door to door all over London. Whether, in going her rounds, she was in the habit of telling any lies, I do not know. I only know that she was a kind attentive wife, and that under circumstances of some difficulty she kept the poor old man clean and comfortable; for which he was unmistakably grateful. I used to tell her that, if she could not support him without systematic begging, she ought to let him go to the workhouse, when no doubt she might get her own living by work. Eventually he did go to the house, and the wife, after telling me where he was gone, disappeared. About two years afterwards she called at my house in a suburban district, to which I had removed on changing my curacy, to tell me that her husband was just dead, that he had been well treated and much respected in the workhouse, and that she was sorry he had not gone there earlier than he did. I gave her a trifle for old acquaintance sake, and with tears in her eyes she went away. I have never seen her since.

Let no one, however, take to indiscriminate relieving of beggars for the reason that he may perchance bestow an alms upon some one whose circumstances he might pity, or even whose character he might to some extent respect, if he should happen to know him in private life. By all means let him assist to the best of his ability any necessitous person whom he really does know and respect in private life. It does not follow that in such a case he will give money, still less that he will give it in an off-hand unintelligent way; whilst it does too often follow that in seeking to know people in order to assist them, he may find that, after all, he has not made much way towards the requisite knowledge. Must he therefore hold his hand altogether? By no means.

But let him first be satisfied that he has done his duty toward those in any class of life whom in a natural way he really does know before he goes further afield in search of information concerning those whom as yet he does not know at all. Of one thing let him rest assured, that the probability of his coming face to face with the professional mendicant in such a way as to have any clear insight into his circumstances or his character is small indeed. Let him do what he may, unless he have exceptional opportunities of observation, he will never see the man otherwise than under a professional aspect. In other trades and professions, besides that of the beggar, a real man is often hidden from view under his professional characteristics, which not unfrequently adhere to him even in private life. But the peculiarity of the beggar's trade is that he must needs be plying it in the presence of almost every one who has anything to give; and the real inner man is therefore but rarely seen by the well-to-do classes. So thoroughly a professional man as the beggar must therefore rest his claim for support and encouragement entirely upon his use and benefit to society. Not that this is at all his way of regarding the matter. He probably only considers of what use society can be to him. But society may take the opposite point of view, and need only consider whether this is a branch of industry which continues to meet the wants of the age. No doubt there has been a time, which may not even yet have wholly passed away, in which the professional beggar has supplied a distinct want. People have felt it their duty to be charitable to the poor, but until recently have known little or nothing about the poor. To persons in this state of mind the mendicant has presented himself as the representative of the poor, and forthwith has reaped the usual benefit of supplying a demand. In short he has been in the position of the purveyor of a luxury—the proverbial luxury of doing good. But of late years so much information concerning the poor has been disseminated through all classes of society, so many persons have taken an active interest in the condition of the poor, and so many charitable agencies for assisting the poor have been set on foot, that society no longer stands in the same need as formerly of the services of the professional mendicant. It has even happened to him, as to other favourites of society, to become an object of public dislike, and to encounter organized oppo-

sition. Destined before the march of modern ideas to recede from his happy hunting grounds, perhaps no sentimental regret will be expressed upon his retirement; but it should at least be remembered in his favour that he did once supply a want.

Meanwhile he has to adapt himself to altered circumstances, in short to shape his old course "in pastures new." When, for instance, he hears of large sums of money sent to a particular locality for distribution among the poor, he is not the man to despair of diverting a due share of it into his own pocket. Having obtained the necessary information respecting any committees that may have been formed, the appointed distributors, the districts assigned to them, and so on, he forthwith sets to work testing the various distributors. The more there are of them, the better for him, both as extending the sphere of his operations, and as increasing the probability of his lighting upon the sort of almoner with whom his tactics are likely to be successful. Early one morning during an exceptionally severe winter, when I was a member of an East End Relief Committee, a man called at my house, said he was out of work, and had a sick wife, for whose necessities he wanted immediate relief. The place where he said he lived was in the district assigned to me by the committee. I told him that his wife should be the first person I would visit when I came out that morning, which would be in about an hour. "But she's dying of starvation, sir, and wants instant relief." I said that in that case I would go at once. "Wait till I get my coat and hat, and we'll go together." When I returned to the door the man was gone, and it is almost needless to add that I found no sick wife at his alleged place of abode. He had of course hoped that I might be unwilling or unable to come out immediately, and would therefore feel it necessary without delay to give him what he asked.—This, by the way, throws light upon an incident which attracted some attention at the time of the disappearance of Mr. Speke. A clergyman wrote to the *Times* to the effect that he had been stopped in the Strand by a woman, who asked him to go with her to a court in St. Clement Danes to baptise a child, but, on his consenting to go, soon gave him the slip. He then asked a policeman the way to the court, who told him it was a dangerous place to venture into alone, and accordingly went with him; but they failed

to find what they sought. Now the inference that this was a "plant," with a view to robbery and perhaps murder, is not sustained by the facts of the case. It is more likely that the woman hoped that the clergyman might have no time to spare, and, seeing her to be poor, might give her a shilling. As he disappointed her expectation, it only remained for her to take the earliest opportunity of releasing herself from his company. No doubt the policeman did right to warn the clergyman of the character of the court, and the clergyman did right under the circumstances to accept his escort; but that either the woman or any inhabitant of the court devised so atrocious a method of decoying a clergyman to destruction, I should be very unwilling to believe. Occasionally a gentleman of the press gives us an account of a supper in low life, at which he tells us it would have been dangerous for him to be present unaccompanied by the police. Of course it would. What right has he to be there at all? It would be dangerous for me to insist, especially for the purpose of writing about it, upon "interviewing" a dinner party of bishops at Lambeth Palace; more dangerous, in fact, with a policeman than without him, as he would probably be requested to take me into custody.—But this is a digression; from which let me return to my visitor, whom I left, or rather who left me, at my doorstep. He was but one of a number of applicants who tried the same manœuvre; and, the committee being a large one, containing many members inexperienced in such matters, the chances were considerable that the manœuvre would not always be unsuccessful, especially as the more favourite time for executing it was late at night. Such applicants were probably old professional hands, perhaps from Westminster or St. Giles, men and women who keep their eyes open to what is going on and let no chance escape. Indeed it is certain that some of them found it worth while to migrate altogether into our neighbourhood, and to take lodgings there, in order to qualify themselves in point of residence as recipients of what we had to bestow. In so doing they evinced a sagacious appreciation of the value of the principle of the migration of labour. They quickly transferred their abilities to the best market.

Good service has since been done both to East London and to the whole country by a judicious application of the same

principle. Whole families, whose abilities were of a kind more useful to the community than those of the above-mentioned gentry, but for which there was little scope at the East End, have since been transplanted to the factory towns of the north, to their own great comfort as well as to the amelioration of the general condition of the neighbourhood they have quitted. Better service still might have been done had any permanent organizations for considering the condition-of-East-London question resulted from the operations of the committee of which I have spoken. It may be as well to specify this committee. It was one composed of a large number of the leading inhabitants, lay and clerical, churchmen and nonconformists, of the great parish of Mile End Old Town, formed to administer the charitable funds supplied to that parish through the Mansion House during the memorable winter of 1867–8. Its operations lasted for thirteen weeks. That a portion of the funds, during the earlier weeks of that period, not only fell into the hands of professional mendicants, but also went to foster what may be termed amateur mendicity, may be admitted. This must needs be the case when you suddenly send through a district a number of almoners, several of whom have no special knowledge, and some not even a general knowledge, of the circumstances of the poor, and who do not so much as know what sort of questions to put to an applicant for relief, but have to depend for their guidance upon their own inefficient observation. Yet it is certain that in any committee so constituted there will be those who learn wisdom from experience, and who, if the committee instead of being disbanded after a few weeks were made permanent, would eventually bring its operations into accord with sound principles. Such men there were—and not a few of them—in this Mile End Committee; and I cannot but regard it as a misfortune that no permanent organization grew out of their labours. Of course I do not mean that they should have gone on distributing the same amount of relief. This they certainly would not have done, even if the West-end had continued to supply them with the means. But it would have been an incalculable benefit to the East-end if they had continued to meet together, and, with the experience they had gained, had made some endeavour to establish a wise system of administering such charitable funds as are ordinarily distributed

throughout the parish, and also had taken in hand such a matter as the migration of labour.

One excellent feature in their work, whilst it lasted, was that they released the ministers of religion from the responsibility which at ordinary times is supposed peculiarly to belong to them in this matter. They were essentially a lay committee, and, for convenience of administration, divided the parish according to its wards, and not according to its ecclesiastical districts. Not that the clergy and dissenting ministers did not freely co-operate with them. But it was as laymen that they took their seats on committee. And it was well that they did. The clergy are not less competent than the laity to administer relief with discretion. They ought to be, and often are, by reason of their experience, more competent. But that their churches, chapels, mission-houses, or parsonages, should in any sense be regarded as relieving-offices, is at best a great misfortune, and in some cases a means of encouraging a very mischievous kind of mendicancy. I have known it to be a curate's duty to receive applications for relief in a vestry after morning prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays. Any one who should have chanced to stray into the church on one of those mornings, on a cold winter's day, would at first sight have felt highly gratified at seeing so many poor people attending divine service. And when after service he saw the congregation, instead of leaving the church, form a *queue* at the vestry door, waiting each his or her turn for an interview with the curate, he might have felt still further gratification at their desire for private advice and instruction. But if he had gained access to the vestry during these proceedings, and moreover had heard the curate's private opinion on the subject, he would have arrived at the conclusion that no more effectual machinery for the rearing of "loafers" could have been devised. In another parish a friend of mine, upon whose veracity I could fully rely, once overheard a conversation between two poor women respecting the hardness of the times. "And how do you get along, this winter?" said one. "Very poorly indeed," said the other; "there'll soon be nothing for it but to take to morning prayers." It would be unfair to call this woman a hypocrite, as it was evidently with shame and reluctance that she had recourse to the distasteful expedient. But it is certain that the system pursued in both these parishes

must have produced no small amount of hypocrisy. Such systems, however, produce something else besides hypocrisy — indeed the reverse of it — equally detrimental to the religious influence of the clergy. They positively more or less deter the independent poor from attendance at divine service. As a matter of fact we know that the independent poor do not as a rule attend the ministrations of the church. No doubt, as partly accounting for this, other causes may be assigned; but in any inquiry into the alleged indifference of the working classes to religion this one cause must not be overlooked. Working people, especially men, who do regularly attend church, have told me that the imputations sometimes cast upon them on this score are a hard trial to bear. Of course it is easy to remind them that they who will live godly shall suffer persecution; but the question is whether we have any right, because of its purifying influence, to bear a hand in providing them with persecution. "I came to your church the other night," said a poor woman to the curate of a church with which I was once connected. "I am very glad to hear it," said the curate. "Yes, but I'll never go there again." "How so?" "Why, I saw bread being given away after service; and I can't stand being suspected of that sort of thing." The bread was regularly given away after the Wednesday evening service, in accordance with the will of some "benefactor" of the church; and in order to be placed on the list of recipients it was necessary to be a communicant. It is impossible to calculate the mischief that must have resulted from such a practice. The atmosphere of such a Wednesday evening service was not likely to be one in which the independent poor could breathe freely. And, to revert to the levee in the vestry, mentioned above, it is almost needless to say that the Wednesday and Friday congregations were exclusively composed of persons who were about to take their stand in the *queue*. These may be extreme cases. But extreme cases try principles. The principle in question is the distribution of relief by or through the clergy, which, though it may often take a less obtrusive form than in these instances, cannot but be both positively and negatively injurious to the interests of religion. The clergy themselves have of late years come more or less to look at the matter in this light. One hears them at clerical meetings saying, one after another, that their work is not to "serve

tables," that they desire to confine their attention to spiritual duties, and that they feel that their rightful influence is much diminished by their having anything to do directly with the relief of distress. Here and there one will say perhaps that he has entirely deputed this work to his district visitors. But that is no real escape from the difficulty; for the poor will still believe him to be the responsible person, as indeed he really is under this system, even though he never with his own hands gives away a single ticket. Other clergymen complain that the laity do not come forward to help. But in what way do they wish the laity to help? If they expect the laity in any great number to act as their agents in the distribution of relief, they will certainly be disappointed; nor is the help of the laity in this way at all what is needed. As for the alleged disinclination of the laity to interest themselves in these matters, let us ask whether it really exists. The guardians of the poor, it will be admitted, take a vast amount of trouble in the administration of relief; and are they not almost exclusively laymen? Who are the members of the various philanthropic societies here in East London, which have such vitality that, besides their regular committee meetings and visits of inquiry, an annual public dinner and excursion down the river form prominent features of their proceedings? I do not allege the dinner and the excursion as necessary elements in these societies, but merely as indications of their vitality. Once more, who principally form the committees of the various branches of the Charity Organization Society which are now so busily at work in different parts of London? Surely it is not the case that the laity do not care to concern themselves with the distribution of charitable funds. But it is true that they are not, for the most part, willing to concern themselves with this matter merely as agents of the clergy. And herein, if the clergy but know their own interests, lies the true solution of the difficulty which they are becoming more and more able and willing to recognize. Let them shift the responsibility entirely on to the shoulders of the laity. But in order to do that effectually, it must not be the laity of this or that church or chapel; nor must the districts to be dealt with be marked off according to ecclesiastical subdivisions. Then, indeed, I believe, the clergy may even take their share in "serving tables" without any detriment to their spiritual

influence. I do not forget that the apostles appointed men specially "over this business," whilst they themselves withdrew to "prayer and to the ministry of the word." But neither do I forget that one of their table-servers contrived to exercise the chief spiritual influence during his brief public career. If his table-serving did not stand in the way of his influence with the brethren, it was because it was well known that his appointment and that of his colleagues arose out of a protest against an alleged system of favouritism, which the poor, rightly or wrongly, are apt to impute to clerical administration of relief.

The clergy, I repeat, are not less but sometimes more competent by reason of their experience than the generality of laymen to pronounce an opinion not only on the merits or demerits of any particular case with which they may happen to be acquainted, but also on the principles by which a relief committee should be guided. No doubt, in their endeavours to alleviate the temporal necessities of their parishioners, they have made mistakes, to which all are liable, but which in their case, on account of their position are of more serious consequence than similar mistakes on the part of the laity. Yet even mistakes, when recognized as such, are a means of education in practical wisdom. I have made a good many mistakes in my time in the matter I am now discussing, and, though perhaps I have not profited from them as much as I ought, nevertheless I have learned a few lessons. If I select one from the rest for special mention, it is because a singular circumstance enabled me to see the extent of my error, and also because the error itself is one into which an inexperienced clergyman, or one who has not learned anything from experience, is very apt to fall. In the first year of my ministry a woman, who lived in the parish in which I was curate, asked me for a written testimony to her character, which she said would help her to get a situation for which she intended to apply. Not knowing anything against her, and having in the course of parochial visitation conceived a favourable impression of her, I granted her request. "When you are my age," said my incumbent, on my mentioning to him what I had done, "you will not be so ready to put your hand to such a document. Better take any amount of trouble about a case than commit yourself in that way. You can never know to what use a general statement of this

kind may be put." The woman got no situation, but soon afterwards left the district under circumstances which led me to perceive that I had made a mistake. Some years afterwards, when I held a curacy in another parish, I met this woman one day in the Strand. Trusting, I suppose, to my having forgotten all about those circumstances, or perhaps thinking they had never come to my knowledge, she stopped me, and producing from her pocket my letter of commendation, handed it to me with a request that I would rewrite it with the date of the current year. Her recollection of me had no doubt inspired her with no respect for my sagacity. "This letter," I said to her, "it was a mistake on my part ever to have written. It has evidently seen service. But its course has now come to an end." I put it in my pocket, and wishing her good morning, passed on. If my old friend, the above-mentioned incumbent, should chance to read this paper, he will at this point quote a favourite maxim of his. "Yes," he will say, "*littera scripta manet.*" There are none whom it more behoves than the clergy to bear that maxim in mind. It has happened, I suppose, to many a clergyman to put his signature to a petition, perhaps to draw up the petition himself, in which assistance is solicited for some more or less deserving case. Armed with this document the petitioner goes the round of the parish, and collects enough, or more than enough, to meet the wants of the case. But in going his rounds he is perhaps struck with the idea that this is an excellent way of gaining a livelihood; and when the money collected on his first round is gone and spent, he sets his wits to work how to collect more in a similar fashion, and in one way or another adopts the profession of the mendicant. Nor does the mischief end here. Some of the clever people described in the earlier part of this paper get information that it is the practice of this or that clergyman to put his hand to documents of this kind. They forthwith manufacture a petition, and forge his signature. The police reports in the papers show that this has been done again and again. Of course it is impossible altogether to prevent its being done. But a clergyman may at least put his own parishioners on their guard, if he is able to tell them that he never puts his signature to anything of the kind. Such a course may entail upon him extra trouble in particular cases; which

trouble, if he must needs concern himself with them, he had better take.

Other ways in which a clergyman who is not careful may encourage and indeed produce mendicity in his parish might be mentioned. Let one suffice by way of illustration. A school treat is on hand; and school treats, as it is the fashion to conduct them, are expensive affairs. Amongst other devices for raising the necessary funds, several of the children are sometimes sent with collecting cards on a round of house-to-house visitation. Thus initiated into the art of begging, they occasionally learn to practise it on their own account. Painful instances of demoralization of children by this means have come under my observation. Moreover, as a police report a few months ago showed, the clever professionals are not slow to provide themselves with collecting-cards "for the school-treat." The treat itself, apart from objectionable modes of obtaining money for it, is often so managed as to be a demoralizing institution. Instead of being a reward for regularity of attendance, it is too often virtually a bribe to allure children away from other schools, and becomes, as the Bishop of Manchester has said, a shameless method of "touting for scholars." The position of teacher and scholar is in one respect reversed, the latter supposing that, by the desultory attendance which secures his admission perhaps to two or three treats at rival schools, he confers instead of receiving a favor. Meanwhile the clergyman has himself taken a turn at mendicity. Last summer I read in the *Times* an appeal from a clergyman, who said he "*only* wanted £70" in order to take his school children for "a day in the country" to a place which he named. How much money he obtained by his appeal, or how many children he took with him, of course I do not know. But I do know that 230 national school children and 228 adults, mostly parents of the children, went from an East-end parish on an excursion in the same month to the same place, and paid their own expenses all but 18s. 10d.!

Much might be said—indeed a whole treatise might be usefully written—on the subject of "urgent appeals" in the newspapers. There are those in East London who could tell of a rise of rents in particular parishes owing to an influx of population consequent upon the success of clerical appeals. Tradesmen, whose favoured names have appeared on the "tickets" issued in those parishes,

could tell of a tide in their affairs which has led on to fortune. The same tide, taken at its turn, has led several of the great masters of the art of urgent appeal—well, away from East London. But here and there, as the advertisement sheet of the *Times* testifies, we have still left amongst us worthy successors of those whom we have lost. One would think—at least many a West-ender, on reading such advertisements, must think—that these clerical “solicitors” are in charge of exceptional parishes. But we East-end parsons know only too well that “an entirely poor parish” is the rule rather than the exception in these parts. Assistance, heaven knows, is needed sorely enough by all. What with church expenses, with “balances” here and there “due to the treasurer” in every department of his parochial work, with “contributions from local sources”—*i.e.*, too often, from his own pocket—“to meet the grant” from this or that society, there is many an East London vicar who might well cry, “Who will help?” But he would think it unfair to his brethren to parade his difficulties in the papers, as if his case were one which stood alone; and as to appeals on behalf of the poor, emanating from this or that particular parsonage, he knows full well how they tend to complicate the whole question of the relief of the poor, the true solution of which cannot be to send hundreds, or—as in some cases has happened—thousands of pounds into one parish, converting it into a hot-bed of mendicity, whilst adjoining parishes similarly circumstanced in every respect, have to be content with the grant from the Metropolitan Relief Association, eked out with what the clergy can obtain from their private friends. The very existence of such inequality suggests that the relief of the poor should be altogether separated from clerical administration.

But no doubt this is more easily said than done; for though the clergy, with some exceptions, are now more or less aware of the mischievous results which follow from their giving relief with their own hands, they are not, as a rule, yet aware that the results of their distributing it through their known agents are almost equally unfortunate. Those who are most aware of it are generally they who have least to distribute; and therefore their voices are uninfluential in advocating reform. Shrinking then from solitary attempts to carry out the requisite reform, they go on doling out their tickets, at a cost which, though it does not amount

in the year to what is given by the guardians to a few families, is often a heavy burden to themselves. Any position more humiliating to one who is able to see through the mischievous character of the system cannot well be imagined. But what can he do? Throw it overboard altogether? He does not like to do so whilst surrounded by other clergymen who keep it up; * and if he were to urge upon them—for the purpose of alleviating such distress as does not come under the charge of the guardians—the desirableness of fusing several districts into one, handing them over for this purpose to a general committee selected from all religious denominations, he would probably be met by the rejoinder:—“It is very well for you to urge this, who have everything to gain by it, and little or nothing to lose.” Meanwhile he is of opinion that it is not he only, but the whole church and people, who would gain by such an arrangement. But he does not see how it is to be brought about.

Nor is there any likelihood of its being brought about till a great emergency, perhaps an outbreak of cholera, or another such winter as that of 1867-8, again calls public attention to the subject. On such occasions certain important but previously unrecognized principles have a way of just showing themselves, giving the public, as it were, an opportunity of laying hold of them. If not laid hold of, these principles return to the obscurity from which they have emerged, and there await a more convenient season. Such an opportunity was, as I have said, suffered to pass by when the Mile End Committee of 1868 was disbanded. But, I am glad to say that we can point to at least one instance of a permanent organization resulting in East London from the labours of the laity upon a great and stirring occasion. During the cholera outbreak of 1866 there sprang up everywhere committees to alleviate the distress which it occasioned. But for the most part, when the crisis was over, the members of these committees did not seem to recognize that there remained anything further to be done than to hear and accept their secretary's report, and to pass a vote of thanks to their chairman; after which, as the reporters say, “the proceedings terminated.” But on one of the committees

* Some clergymen, however, already refuse relief to all but the sick; for an able advocacy of which system, see a pamphlet, published at 15, Buckingham Street, Strand, on “The Charitable Administration of an East End District, by A. W. H. C.”

there happened to be men who had not only caught sight of a few valuable principles, but who also were resolved to make an attempt to put them to permanent use. Accordingly they have ever since continued to meet together, and have established a system of administering charitable funds, which, if not as complete and satisfactory as they could wish, is at least a step in the right direction. I am alluding to the Hackney Association for improving the condition of the Poor. The most noticeable feature of this association is that it is composed of resident inhabitants of Hackney, of all classes and creeds, and that, whilst inviting the co-operation of ministers of all denominations, its operations are not under their direction, and its almoners are its own agents. I am told that the zeal and industry of several of the lay members of this association is worthy of all praise. But I also understand that some clergymen of the neighbourhood keep aloof from them, and moreover that, with some exceptions, they do not receive the support which they desire from the nonconformist ministers. Why the latter should be apathetic in this matter I do not exactly see; because I should have thought they were less trammelled by burdensome traditions in this respect than the clergy. If they suppose that it is a secular business, which would interfere with their devoting themselves to the preparation needful for the discharge of spiritual duties, I can but refer them to the spiritual achievements of Stephen, the table-server. I think that there must be some confusion in their minds as to what it is that really constitutes spirituality, and that they fail to perceive that spirituality does not consist in the thing done, but in the way in which it is done. After what I have said concerning the prominence of the lay element in the Hackney Association, it may seem odd that I should have to record that the prime mover of the plan from the first has been a clergyman.* This association is now a branch of the Charity Organization Society; but it was in active operation before that society came into existence.

Some of my readers will perhaps here exclaim:—"He is coming to the point at last; we had almost begun to think that the Charity Organization Society must be utterly unknown in East London." Well, to some extent, that is about

the truth; for though this society has its branches in the borough of Hackney, including Bethnal Green, it has hitherto had nothing but an Inquiry Office throughout the Tower Hamlets. To this office there come week after week several gentlemen from the West-end, who devote themselves with praiseworthy diligence to the work of examining cases of application for relief which have been referred hither from all parts of London—the cases being those of persons resident in the Tower Hamlets—careful reports of which, after due investigation, are forwarded to those who have asked for the inquiries to be made. But, as yet, the only persons connected with this office who live in East London are the secretary and the agent. Nor, except in peculiar cases, and then only as a loan, is relief ever given by this committee. Elsewhere, I understand, inquiry forms but a part of the business of the Society. To what extent the principles which I have advocated in this paper are acted upon, through the instrumentality of the Society, in other parts of London, I do not know. But in any case, even if it has not yet succeeded in inducing the West-end and suburban clergy to cast their charitable funds into a common treasury, to be administered upon a uniform system, it must be doing good service as a centre of information, of discussion of principles, and especially as a means of affording publicity to the various relief agencies which cross each other's paths in any given neighbourhood. I am far from thinking that we East London clergy, always excepting our advertising brethren, stand in greater need than the clergy of the West of publicity in order to keep our relief proceedings within the bounds of innocence. The mere fact of our having so much less than they to give, and so many more poor among whom to distribute it, would itself settle that point. Still we do need—what we certainly have not got—some means of co-operation, for the purpose of arriving at common principles in the administration of charitable funds. Nor is it the clergy alone who are in this need. At present the various agencies, societies, chapels, as well as churches, act in complete isolation from each other. And no doubt they will continue to do so, until, as I have said, some great emergency again puts all their machinery out of gear; when out of the confusion let us hope that there may arise a new and better order.

* The Rev. E. C. Hawkins, Head Master of St. John's Foundation School.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SLIP IN THE FENS.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. GAIHTHORNE had hardly slept, but was astir soon after daybreak. On her way downstairs she peeped into Elsie's room and found her fast asleep, looking so placid and happy that she did not disturb her.

Mrs. Gaithorne moved much more slowly than was usual with her, at the beginning of such a busy day as this promised to be. It seemed as if she was planning some scheme to set matters right. Presently, when she had fastened back all the shutters and set the kitchen-door open, she took her black bonnet down from the hook, tied the strings in a decided manner, as if she had made up her mind, and set out for the dairy. The air was cold and raw, and there was a heavy fog over the meadow. The fens are in a perpetual ague. Yesterday they were parched and feverish, now they shuddered with the cold. Many people waste their lives here, and know nothing different. If Mrs. Gaithorne had been conscious of a lighter air while she lived with the Lillingstones, she attributed it, in some vague way, to wealth and its influence; so she did not know that she felt its heaviness, she only said to herself, "If I hadn't plenty to do I shouldn't like to hear that engine going all day long," and she quickened her pace, for the thought of "plenty to do" brought to her mind the plenty well done which always stirred her housewifely pride, and now coaxed her back into cheerfulness. But this cheerfulness was not thorough, and it did not spend itself pleasantly. Jim the farm-boy felt its energy, and so did the dairy people, though somewhat deservedly, for they showed a tendency to gossip, quite unusual at that early hour.

Elsie slept long after her usual time, but Mrs. Gaithorne was still in the dairy when she went down. As she lighted the fire and set the place in order, she went from time to time to the door and looked out at the morning. This had brightened into pleasantness. The dew had settled on the grass, and showed the tracks of the fowls as they grouped wistfully round the brick path waiting for Mrs. Gaithorne. Then Elsie reproached herself for loitering, and was going out to find her, when an unexpected cackling of the fowls announced her arrival. The loud remonstrative cackle that quickly succeeded this, however, noted the unusual conduct

on her part, for she carried their food straight past them and hurried on to the house as soon as she saw Elsie.

"Well, child, you're looking fresh enough now, *though* you were up so late last night, or this morning as I ought to say." She rested her sieve of corn for a minute on the table. "I ran in to tell you that it's well after all you decided on stopping here, for that was Joe Bailey's boy who you frightened, and it's like to be all over the parish soon that you were out there."

"Did he know me, then?" Elsie asked quickly.

"I've heard no sound of you as yet, but there is no knowing how those things come out, and I wouldn't for anything that you'd be going away just now—that would set all their tongues a-going; but I think we can manage that they don't know nothing about it. As for Master Claude, I've got a trimming ready for him as soon as I can catch him alone."

The "trimming" heightened the colour on Elsie's cheek, but she said nothing.

"Joe's father was took worse in the evening, and it was in going to fetch physic for him that he took fright at you, the little fool. Now if you'll clean out the dining-room," gathering up her sieve, "I'll take up the hot water myself. We must manage to keep you as much as possible out o' their way this morning;" and Mrs. Gaithorne went back to the fowls that had huddled impatiently round the door.

She was still feeding them when Elsie ran back to her quickly.

"Here's a note I've found on the table; it's directed to Miss Grey."

"That's Mr. Claude's writing," said Mrs. Gaithorne, taking it from her hand. "Well! what can he be up to now? Well, I suppose I must take it to Miss Mildred, but *why* he can't speak to her when he's in the same house with her is more than I can make out. I hate those nonsensical whimsies. I'll call them in a few minutes, and take it then. Now be as quick as you can with your work, there's no time to waste."

An hour later the room was looking fresh and pleasant, with its French window open. Mr. Lillingstone was walking thoughtfully up and down under the verandah, waiting for the ladies. Mildred came in and looked round hurriedly.

"There you are, uncle. I wanted to find you, for I have a note from Claude. He went off to Cambridge before six o'clock."

Mr. Lillingstone looked up, then down again, without saying anything, but he listened attentively.

"He says he is so disappointed at not getting nets here that he has gone to get some in Cambridge; and he will bring a croquet set with him also, that the evening may not be so dull; but I think it is a pity, do you not? The day would have passed off better if he had stayed here to amuse them."

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Lillingstone, still pacing up and down, and continuing his own musing. "The butterfly nets!—is it?" then stopping before his niece, he held out his hand for the note, and, fixing his glass on his nose, he glanced over it, but did not wait to read it.

"Mildred," he said, in a confidential tone, "you're a sensible *girl*; I can trust you. Let me have a word with you before the others come down," and the two walked out into the garden.

As soon as they were out of hearing from the house, Mr. Lillingstone began, "Did you hear a noise in the night?"

"Of screaming? yes; it woke me up. I did not like to disturb Mrs. Gaithorne to ask what it was: but afterwards the maid ran upstairs and told me it was some boy; she did not wait, however, to give any further particulars."

Mr. Lillingstone nodded to himself. He had already made sure that it was Elsie by asking Mrs. Gaithorne. "Well! It was a boy who made the noise. He was startled by seeing two figures near these *in-teresting* ruins; and *those* figures," he added slowly, pointing every word with his eye-glass, "were that maid and our Claude." He stepped back a pace or two to see the effect this would have on Mildred. "Well, young lady, what have you to say to that?"

She met his inquiry with a quiet smile, but this amused look soon changed to one of sadness. "I am not so *very* much surprised."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed her uncle, coming down at once from his superior position. "My good girl, what do you mean?"

"Very little; only I thought his manner rather odd yesterday, and I noticed that the girl behaved a little oddly too;—but here are the party from the inn. If you wish this to be hushed up we ought not to be seen consulting together."

"You are right; but I shall want to speak to you after post is in. I shall have letters of importance;" he looked at her intelligently.

"I shall be ready at any time," and she turned away quickly to receive Dobree and his companions; at the same time, Laura stepped out into the verandah, dressed as usual in frills and smiles.

Mrs. Gaithorne, who had followed close behind with the breakfast, overheard Mildred retailing the contents of the note; and as she left the room she thought Claude a worse coward even than she had suspected.

"I can tell you what that letter was about, Elsie," she said, as soon as she got back into the kitchen. "Mr. Claude's gone to Cambridge, and he won't be back till dinner-time. Like enough he didn't care to be all the morning with his father," she added, smiling satirically to herself.

This suggested "the trimming" to Elsie's mind, so she was rather glad that Claude was out of the way for the time.

When the post came in, Mr. Lillingstone called Mildred as he had promised. He told her what had passed in the night, and spoke out his anger very strongly against Claude, "not altogether on account of the affair with Elsie, but for his deceit in the matter. Such a mean, paltry lie; I have hardly slept all night for thinking of it;" and the old man stopped and turned away his face. "I've had my eye upon him for some time," he said, after a little while; "and now I begin to have my doubts of Claude. However, he's gone," he resumed, with more energy, "and we must try to keep him away. I think I have settled how to do it."

Then Mr. Lillingstone showed Mildred that the original plan for Claude to stop at the farm to read was now quite out of the question. Indeed, it would not be advisable for him to come back at all, so he intended to send Luard after him at once with instructions for him to remain where he was, as they would all follow him there in the course of the day. Then Claude was to go down with them into Scotland. He would not venture to object to this, under the circumstances; and when once there it would be easy to find some quiet place where he could read till the vacation was over.

Mildred knew Claude too well to feel so confident of the ultimate success of this device; but she said nothing, as she did not wish to make her uncle uncomfortable to no purpose, and she could not suggest anything that would be more binding on Claude.

The version that was to be given to everybody around was easily arranged. Mr. Lillingstone had received a letter

from Captain Macneill — to whose place they were going — persuading him very strongly to hasten the journey. His brother, also, a schoolboy friend of Mr. Lillingstone's, had just come home from the Continent, with his two daughters. They were now in Perth, but they would not think of staying there after the last week in September, as the younger was too delicate to bear the cold of the north. Captain Macneill urged his friend to go down at once, as it would be much more cheerful for his nieces if they had companions, in what he chose to call his "dull country place."

Mr. Lillingstone had really heard from Scotland that morning, and though the letter was only a repetition of hospitable civilities, now that the visit was imminent, he was glad to avail himself of it to the letter.

"As he was on such intimate terms with Macneill, a word or two aside to him when they met would prevent any possibility of the young people finding out that he had somewhat strained its meaning."

While he was planning this there flashed through his mind an additional satisfaction. "The companions were to be young ladies — intellectual, handsome girls." He little suspected Claude's aversion to "intellectual" women. If they were agreeable, they exacted too much of his indolence; and if they were disagreeable, he positively wriggled at the thought of being shown up by them. It was the worst thing his father could have devised. Meanwhile he valued himself on it very much; this was plain in his increased pomposity when he closed the conversation.

"Well, now, Mildred," making a slight ceremonious bow to his niece, as he shut his glasses with a click, "I think we may say that we have dismissed this little affair quite satisfactorily, and — as it is likely to pass off without any more difficulty — it would be judicious to withhold this from your mother; we should only be giving her unnecessary pain. But, begad!" and the disturbing thought lowered his tone a little, "she may have been alarmed too! Do you know if she was?"

"Oh, no; when I took her a cup of tea this morning she was much as usual; and since then she has eaten a good breakfast, and has gratified Mrs. Gaithorne by saying she was surprised she had slept so well."

"Good," said Mr. Lillingstone, in a sententious tone. "Now *you* go and prepare her gently for our move to-day.

You can tell her of Macneill's letter and, by-the-by, you will not forget to dwell on the point he makes of introducing his girls to her."

Shortly after, the whole place was in a bustle, and there was running upstairs, and in and out; but only Mildred and her uncle knew what it was for. Those who had nothing to do stood in the doorway, and jostled the others who were busily employed; for when Mr. Lillingstone had told Mrs. Gaithorne he wanted to send into Cambridge at once, he let fall that they would all go away the same day, but he did not say why; therefore all except that quick-sighted widow thought something very unusual must have happened. Mildred was upstairs with her mother, and no one ventured to question the old gentleman as he paced restlessly up and down the long passage, waiting till some vehicle should be found for Luard. He held the note ready written for Claude in his hand, and muttered to himself as he kept looking at the door. Presently Elsie ran in from the yard to say that the spring cart would not be back from Soham before eleven o'clock. While she was still speaking, Jim came back breathless from the inn with the answer that Watson had just started for Newmarket; then Mrs. Gaithorne set upon the boy and rated him soundly for taking a wrong message. "It wasn't Watson they wanted — it was the gig."

"If Watson had gone, no doubt the gig had gone too," Dobree suggested in mediation. But old Mr. Lillingstone cursed the whole country, and did not care who was in the wrong.

"What do you say to try at the Wiley's?" said Bordale, from behind.

"Well, of course," retorted the old man, facing round upon him suddenly. "Why the deuce hadn't they thought of that before?"

"I'll run down there," said Bordale, snatching up his cap. "I suppose anything will do?"

"It doesn't matter *what*, so that you get a horse that will go," insisted Mr. Lillingstone, regardless of Luard's entry into the town.

"All right!" Bordale shouted, as he ran across the meadow.

Meanwhile Luard was standing by, without presuming to offer a word. Mr. Lillingstone was getting restless again when Bordale suddenly appeared through the road-gate, driving furiously in something very high, that might have been a butcher's cart.

"Splendid to go," he called out as he dashed past the window, and pulled up suddenly before the kitchen door. "Have to be your own whip; not even a boy to be got."

"Now, then," said Mr. Lillingstone, instantly taking Luard's arm and walking with him towards the door, "you will be as quick as you possibly can. Give this to Claude in time to prevent his returning here."

But when Mr. Lillingstone let him go, Luard did not bound into the cart with the alacrity which was expected of him. He had prolonged difficulty in getting the note into his breast-pocket, during which time he eyed the horse with an unmistakable expression.

"Don't like the look of him, eh?" said Bordale, who had got down and was ready to give him the reins.

It was a gaunt, raw-boned animal, and its ears were set back with an expression as unmistakable in its way as Luard's. It had, too, a trick of slightly showing its teeth at intervals.

"Involuntary muscular action, that. The pace will take it out of him," and Bordale laughed as he looked past Luard at Dobree.

Luard did not seem so sure of this; he still stood hesitating. "I don't mind driving," Bordale said good-naturedly. "Ill-looking beast certainly; but with the two of us we shall get in all right."

Luard looked from Bordale to the horse, and back again at Bordale, then jumping into the cart he said over his shoulder, to Dobree, "You said one might as well come to the end at once, didn't you?"

"I did *not* say a violent one, though," Dobree retorted, laughingly; "but you'll be punctual to-night, or I shall feel bound to look you up."

"Oh, *he's* safe enough with me," said Bordale, flourishing his whip as he drove off.

They had just turned into the road, when Mildred came running down stairs, as Mrs. Gaithorne was hurrying into the larder. "Do you know if any one reminded them of the post-horses?"

"Bless me! No; I'm sure they didn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaithorne, looking about in a great bustle, "and that Jim's so slow; but there's Mr. Dobree, if *he* wouldn't mind."

Dobree was ready to go anywhere. "If he'd run down to the ferry, just by the inn, he'd catch them before they got over. It's a good thing you spoke in

time," Mrs. Gaithorne said, looking after him.

"Do you think he'll overtake them?" Mildred asked.

"Yes, sure; *he's* quick, and they'll be kept back a little at the ferry."

Dobree got down to the river just as the cart was landing on the opposite side, so that was made all right. He was returning slowly when Scholefield called after him from the inn, where he had been to fetch a specimen case that Laura had professed a great curiosity to see. As they walked on, Dobree told him of the change of plan, and how Luard and Bordale had gone off to keep Claude in Cambridge, as his father had decided on going to Scotland at once and wished to see him before he started.

"Well, I thought something had happened, because Mrs. Gaithorne's boy came in a great hurry to ask for the loan of the gig. What is the reason of this?"

"That is what no one knows, and Mr. Lillingstone was so anxious to get Luard off that I asked no questions; but I strongly suspect that this sudden move has something to do with young Lillingstone. I thought that the story of the 'nets' as they gave it out at breakfast, was rather flimsy, and you must have noticed that Mr. Lillingstone was quite pre-occupied the whole time. I think there must be something wrong between the father and son," he repeated, reflectively. "Part of his duties seem to have fallen on *you*," he added presently, laughing, as he looked at the little tin case.

"It would appear so; but it is a pity Bordale has gone. From what Mrs. Watson has just told me, he might have entertained Miss Laura with the last edition of his ghost story; for they say that as a boy was passing through the farm last night he saw a man and woman standing at the dairy-door, just where they ought to be, and he persists they were the ghosts. It is lucky for me you passed, or I have no doubt I should still be listening to Mrs. Watson's round-about story."

Dobree thought for a few minutes.

"Well," said Scholefield, breaking the silence, "do you think *you* can throw any light on the mystery?"

"What do *you* think? Suppose the ghost to be Claude Lillingstone, and that he was seen — and not alone — I can understand the pressing nature of his business in Cambridge."

"Yes; but would he have come back again to-day?"

"Is he coming back to-day? or at least until *we* are all well out of the way. Better keep to your butterflies, I think; and not attempt to interest Miss Langdale in any sensational story," and they dropped the subject as they neared the house.

Mr. Lillingstone had recovered his composure; he went out slowly to meet them in his old formal manner.

"He was extremely sorry that Dobree should have had so much trouble." Indeed, and he looked at Scholefield, including him in his excuses, "he cordially regretted that their visit should end so abruptly."

Then he explained, in a semi-confidential manner, his motive for going away—the motive that was to be given out; and they listened courteously. Of the plan for Claude he said nothing.

"Mrs. Grey is not yet downstairs," he continued, pointing to the dining-room; "but I have just left the young ladies there;" and he went off towards the kitchen to have a few words with Mrs. Gaithorne. He told her it was not likely that Claude would return to Upware—he was going down with them into Scotland. But her difficulties with the unexpectedly early dinner were so pressing, that they gave him ample excuse not to detain her with confidences which he felt she might have claimed, but which it would have been unpleasant for him to give.

On second thoughts Mrs. Gaithorne did not regret this either, as she told Elsie afterwards. "She thought she could see through these people, and their ways of acting—no doubt Mr. Claude *would* go away with them as his father wished—it suited his convenience just now," and her lips curled a little. But she did not tell Elsie she knew he would be obliged to come back to Cambridge in a month, when none of his family would be there, "and no doubt he expected to have it all his own way;" for during the morning she had seen that Elsie was cheerful and active as ever, and she attributed this to the effect of her own advice, and the girl's strong sense. Elsie was different to anybody she had ever known, but then, "she had always been a strange child." She was thankful for that now. "She would not advise her any more on the subject to-day; the poor girl had been worried enough already; and, during the month, she would have many opportunities of reminding her of the hints she had already given her."

Elsie herself was very little affected by

hearing that Claude's departure was final. She was thankful that "these people" were going away, and that she should not see Claude with them any more; but the coming here had been a great break in her quiet life, and somehow—although she was glad they were going—their packing made her feel dull, and as they left, one party after the other, a sense of desolation came over her, and she longed to be out of it too.

Dobree and Scholefield were lounging about in the garden, reading the papers, and talking to Mr. Lillingstone in a desultory way. Laura, who was evidently in a state of increased excitement and delight, came down stairs from time to time to talk to them, and from what Elsie heard of her chattering at these times, she gathered that Miss Langdale was to be of their party; this was news to her, and though she did not attach more importance to it than it deserved, it helped her depression for the time.

The two young men had refused the offer of the drive into Cambridge; "they would leave more room for the ladies in the carriage, and they should enjoy the walk later in the day." Then, when all arrangements were made, none of them had anything more to do. They waited about in a restless way, to which Elsie was unaccustomed, and the hours seemed long to her while they waited.

At last they were gone, and Dobree was returning from a solitary stroll on the road, where he had first come with Luard a month ago, when he saw Elsie carrying a bundle; she was going towards Wicken. He stopped her. "Why, Elsie, how is this? Surely you are not going home!"

"Yes, sir, I only came to help Mrs. Gaithorne while young Mr. Lillingstone was here—and I'm not wanted now that he's gone away," she added reluctantly, seeing that Dobree did not appear to understand her.

"Gone! but he is not gone away altogether, is he?" Dobree exclaimed involuntarily.

Elsie was puzzled, but at the same time it pleased her that Mr. Dobree, no more than herself, believed that he had left for good.

"Mrs. Gaithorne told me they were all going to Scotland," she said quickly, "and that Mr. Claude would go with them."

Dobree's fixed look of surprise confused her; she turned crimson, and began to move on. This pointed his aston-

ishment, but he asked no more questions.

When she had walked a little distance, he turned and looked after her sadly. Her unusual confusion about Claude recalled many slight things he had noticed the day before. Claude's absence of manner in the early part of the evening, his excitement and good spirits towards the end of it, the disturbance of the morning, and the sudden departure from the fens, all this united to confirm his suspicions; but these he did not yet impart to Scholefield, and if he indulged in unfavourable criticism of Claude, it was chiefly in connection with thoughts such as had crossed his mind before. Now again they thrust themselves upon him, and he did not care to force them back. So their walk home was an unusually silent one.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next August found Wicken as it had been the last year. Winter had come with its fogs and floods, and had passed away in its turn. Then the wind blew piteously over the wet ground, and made the willows shiver. Now summer was burning them again, and they were thirsty and craved for shelter, but there was none; and the lodes were stagnant, and the river sleepy, and the great engine seemed to labour harder than ever with less water to pump away. The cattle were scattered equally between the two villages, for the plague had settled down on them, and there was no thought of separation now. With the first excitement, hope had passed away; the herds grew thinner and the people suffered—there had been no break in the monotony of the fens.

Harvest was nearly over, and the new stacks were made where the last had been. They were finished that day, a day just like that of Claude's first coming here. Elsie was alone as then, the mother and children were at the pits, and it was again grandfather's day at the Stanards'. Elsie had hurried her usual work to have a little quiet before they all came home; of late, it had become a habit with her to do this, and she was now enjoying herself in her own way. She stood leaning against the door, looking out, with her hands clasped listlessly before her, as if she was waiting—it might have been for her own people, though it was early to expect them yet. Her eyes wandered over her flowers, but she seemed scarcely to notice them—perhaps that

was because she knew them all by heart. Whether she looked at them or not, they were a great part of her home to her; their fragrance pervaded it like a memory always felt through the stillness.

Once there was a break in the stillness—sounds of voices coming up the fen. As they drew nearer one could hear it was laughter; then it was close, and filled up with the thumping of barges and trampling of feet, but above all, laughter. The light fitful laugh of girls, wishing to stay, yet hurrying to be gone—the low satisfied laugh of men; and in and out and among them sparkled the ringing laugh of children—just as the sunbeams that peeped through the old elms laughed idly over their solemn shade. Elsie drew back involuntarily, though she knew none of them would pass that way. Presently, the sounds dispersed and melted away in the winding lanes, but every now and then a burst of voices would come back through some opening in the hedge, and always it was laughter. But soon that died away, and it was silent again till the sun went down. Then there was stirring in the trees, and the hush of nature before night, and it grew black under the elms.

Suddenly Elsie's attention was arrested by a step lighter than that of the fen labourers. She started, listened eagerly for an instant, then, recollecting herself, she leaned back as before, but with hands now rigidly pressed together, her pale face denying the heavy pulsation that no effort of will could keep down.

As the gate opened, she turned in a forced way, but when she saw Dobree, a slight flush passed over her face, her hands fell apart, and the scarcely perceptible quivering of her lips betrayed how great her disappointment had been. Dobree noted this, and attributed it rightly, but his manner ignored it.

"Well, Elsie, you see I have found you out again, as I want more of your help. How soon can you get me some ferns like those you collected for me last year?"

Elsie was nervously ready with her answer.

"As soon as you like, sir; I could go and get them to-morrow, if you like."

"You need not hurry so much as that; I am staying at Fordham, and it will be in time if you get them within a week."

He began at once to admire her garden, and after a few minutes spent in inquiries and praise of her management, he turned towards the cottage, so that she felt obliged to ask him in to rest.

He did not need the rest, he said, but he should not like to go away without seeing the inside of the cottage again. He was glad to find that she was alone, and told her at once the real object of his visit.

He had seen Miss Grey in London a few weeks ago, and when she heard he was coming down there she commissioned him to ascertain if Elsie would be willing to leave her home. A friend of hers wanted a confidential servant; she would have no hard work to do, but this lady was anxious to find some person on whom she might depend. Miss Grey had thought of Elsie, and had instructed him to assure her that if she accepted the offer the new home would be a happy one.

Elsie had blushed deeply at the first mention of Miss Grey's name, but her self-possession returned before he had finished speaking. She refused promptly and firmly, yet with such evident gratitude to Miss Grey, as well as to himself, for their kindness, that Dobree felt that she must have a strong motive for refusing, and that that motive must be a future of which she could not speak. This was the ineffable look, the expectancy in her eyes, as she stood gazing past him out of the window, her whole being wrapped in something beyond and away from him.

Dobree looked at her as he had done the first day he met her in the fens, she being unconscious. It was the sweet face that had never faded in his memory—glorified, as he had known it might be—and yet he was not glad.

He rose wearily. "I will not take your answer until you have more time to think of it," he said; "if you will get the ferns ready for Thursday evening, I will walk over after dinner and fetch them myself; and I hope," he added, looking at her kindly, "by that time you may have thought better of Miss Grey's proposal."

Elsie smiled in answer, though she could promise nothing, and he went away.

On the night fixed for Dobree's return, Elsie had been watering her garden. The cat, perched on the window-sill, in the shadow of the honey-suckle, had watched all her movements with a critical air, and so far seemed to have nothing to complain of in her proceedings; more than that, she even allowed herself to be petted after it was all over, and expressed general approbation in a low purr that was very understandable language to Elsie. *She* had thought much during the last three days.

Had not Claude asked her to believe in him in spite of unfavourable appearances? Had he not given her the most solemn promise before their last parting? It is true *he had not come back* when the term began! . . . It was bad to bear, but he might have had good reasons for that. Again, what did unfavourable appearances mean, if not something unpleasant to herself? All this she would accept; she would yet believe in him, for she knew he loved her.

She could not help attributing Miss Grey's offer of a situation to a plan made by the family to get her away from the fens, suspecting that Claude might *now* be coming there. So her spirits rose in harmony with the summer life that surrounded her, and each new burst of fragrance seemed to confirm as well as to heighten her gladness. Exercise had increased the look of excitement these thoughts had given her, and her hair was arranged more carefully than usual, for she expected Dobree.

She was still stroking her favourite when he appeared at the gate, and as he paused to look at her before raising the latch, he wished he had not undertaken Miss Grey's errand so readily, or at least that he did not feel bound in truth to her to speak that which he felt he must speak, ever since he had parted from her three nights ago. "However," he thought, "this is no place for hesitation, and the probability is that I would not shirk it if I could." So he met Elsie's look of welcome more naturally and with a greater show of firmness than he really felt. Elsie ran off at once to fetch the ferns, which she said were better than the last she had got for him, and her quiet manner, no less than her bright eyes, showed how pleased she was at the praise he gave to her good packing.

She then led the way indoors, and put the ferns on the window-sill near the myrtle, while she offered him grandfather's chair, now drawn close to the open window. This she refused, for he felt he could not be still just now. "He was not going to stay long, but *she* must sit down; there was no occasion for her to stand."

This she also refused, and stood within the recess of the window, in what she called "her own place." The thrush came bustling down to the nearest corner of the cage with inquisitiveness in its eyes, and a sharp little "Quitt," that received a kind look for answer. This, however, was not quite satisfactory, as he let her know, by a still greater show of

bustling ; so she leaned forward, chattering to it, and it returned to its perch, coming down now and then afterwards to show that it still kept up an interest in its mistress. Dobree had made a few paces in the room and come back again.

"Are your people always out? No place seems so still to me as this cottage, and yet you are such a large family."

Elsie smiled an amused smile. "It's noisy enough in the mornings and evenings, but now it's harvest-time, and they all come later; that helps to make it seem more quiet just now; but grandfather's home—in the back garden," noticing Dobree's quick look round; "he'll not be coming in till sundown; he says he likes to make the most of these long days; and he does a good bit, too, *though* he's so old."

"Quitt," said the thrush, and Dobree and Elsie looked towards it.

They were both silent.

"You like your home very much, I suppose?"

"I like it more and more—I love it better than ever." She stopped suddenly, and turned her head away, blushing at the excitement she had shown.

They were again silent.

"Have you thought about what I asked you the other evening?"

"Yes."

"You have not changed your mind?"

"No—thank you for your kindness; and please to thank Miss Grey too, but—I *must* stay at home."

Dobree was half disappointed, although this was what he had expected; he looked past her into the garden for some minutes; then, rousing himself,—

"Well, I suppose I ought not to try and persuade you against what you think right; but should anything arise to make you change your plans—or suppose, for instance, you should not be wanted so much at home as you are now—I know I can promise you Miss Grey's help in obtaining a situation out of this place. You need only let Miss Porteous know of your wish."

"Thank you," and the least perceptible smile played on Elsie's lips; "but that would be for a long while, as Rettie is still very young," and she looked down at the ferns as if ready to give them to him; but he was not willing to go, though he followed her movement.

"Have you had a good sale for them this season?"

"For the ferns, sir? No, not so good as last year. I got several for friends of

our clergyman—and—also for Miss Grey's relations, then"—

"Ah! yes, I remember Mr. Lillingstone sent away several baskets from here; but," and he turned away from her and looked into the garden again, "he has been a great deal too busy lately to think of those things."

Something in the tone of his voice suggested a horrible thought to Elsie. "He was very busy with his books last year, wasn't he?" she said, breathing quickly.

A quick light in Dobree's eye showed his scorn.

"I believe he was, but he gave up college life after he left Mrs. Gaitherne's last year, and two month's ago he was married; he is now travelling with his wife;" and he pretended to see something new in the elm-trees opposite him.

Elsie leaned against the window-frame. She felt her face was white, and that her lips twitched helplessly now and then. This must not be; she must *not* give way. Yes, there was the garden, cool, rich, and sweet, the smell of the honey-suckle, and her little friend in the cage, and Mr. Dobree, too, looking out of the window quite close to her. Now and then they all swayed up and down. She *must not* give way—she must speak soon—what will he think?—she must say something presently.

"Quitt, quitt," said the thrush, puzzled at the long silence.

Dobree turned his attention to it, speaking low, close to the bars.

Elsie fixed her eyes on them both, and they swayed up and down. What should she say if she were any one else? It seemed an age since the stillness had been broken. "Did he take honours, as he expected?" Her voice, though low, was hard, and seemed painfully clear to her.

Dobree glanced slightly at her before answering; and he groaned within himself at the misery so wantonly caused—the life so early blighted—when "it might have been so different." "No, he disappointed his friends very much by giving up reading altogether some time ago; but I must go now." He took up the basket, and put out his hand. "Good-bye, Elsie, and remember what I have said about Miss Grey; you may trust her. She likes you, and will be a friend if you want one, I am sure; and—but it is no matter, it is of little consequence now—good-bye," and he turned away to avoid seeing the quivering lips that strove so hard to be still.

She followed him to the door, and nodded a "good-bye," when he shut the gate. Some time after, she felt a warm soft pressure on her foot, as the cat passed and re-passed, rubbing her back against the hem of her dress, and purring to gain her notice, but in vain.

Elsie was scarcely conscious of this. She was still looking out, attracted—fascinated, it would seem, by the golden pinnacles of the stacks that rose clear from the vague shadow of the trees, and nursed the flattering rays of the daylight after the day had gone.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ENIGMAS OF LIFE.

AMONG the many things which change from one age to another, there is scarcely any so subject to variation, strangely enough, as those opinions on religious subjects which are the most important our minds are capable of forming. Though the hottest controversies in the Church are generally raised for the rigid conservation of old forms and old conceptions of religious truth, it is nevertheless true that every century, and often every generation, has its own characteristic way of setting forth these truths; and that, not to go back too far nor to venture upon any discussion such as that which has risen round the Athanasian Creed, a pious and even highly orthodox Christian of the present day would hesitate at least, and possibly shudder, were he called upon to utter assertions or explanations which distilled like dew from the lips of his prototype in 1773, only a hundred years ago. And scepticism, or philosophy, or counter-theology, whatever name may be the best to use, changes with equal variety and persistency. From Voltaire to Mr. W. R. Greg, what a difference! We do not know by what name to distinguish the later author. He disbelieves the greater part of—we may almost say all—that Christians believe. He seems on the whole to be of opinion—to us a new and strange one—that Christianity has rather retarded than helped forward the reign of purity and truth on the earth. He is cruelly and unjustly, and sometimes we think ignorantly, contemptuous of all religious teachers of every class, creed, and country. He is not without that intolerance and dogmatism which are so curiously characteristic of the philosophic antagonists of spiritual oppression; but

it would, we think, be impossible for any candid and open-hearted reader of the little volume* recently published, to think of him as a Sceptic. Scepticism is not a creed but a disposition—a form of mind—a peculiarity of nature—and this is not the mental character of Mr. Greg. He believes—almost in spite of himself—having no means, he confesses, of proving the truth of what he believes in, and acknowledging a great many arguments against it. There is something amusing even in the humility with which he makes this avowal, or rather, something that would be amusing but for the perfect and dignified seriousness of the thinker, who, declining to receive Revelation as a possibility, and rejecting Christianity as a great blunder, cannot yet, he allows, divest himself of his faith in God and the Hereafter. We have used a word which we ought not to have used,—it is pathetic rather than amusing. Mr. Greg puts himself voluntarily at the bar, and gives for his defence the humanest, the most unassailable, of all pleas. It is not at any bar of ours that he makes his defence. We are ready to give him full and frank absolution for believing in God because he cannot help it, because it is *plus forte que lui*: but there is something infinitely curious in the spectacle of this man standing humbly uncovered before his peers, excusing himself for his faith. We can easily conceive that a great effort was necessary to enable him to confront such a tribunal with such a confession. The great leading principle of all the philosophical researches of our day, both physical and mental, is that faith is the one unallowable sentiment—the accursed thing. The very state of mind which makes such a feeling possible, fills science with disgust and opposition; yet here is a distinguished philosopher coming forward to confess to it, with a sense of his own weakness, yet with an absolute incapacity to separate himself from it, which is at once strange and whimsical and pathetic. What he avows is pure faith of the highest and most visionary kind, faith in things unprovable, without tangible foundation, without authority—yet in its naked force prevailing over all the methods and habits of doubt, and all the prejudices of the intellect. The following is Mr. Greg's own explanation or excuse—the plea with which he presents himself at the bar of philosophical thought:—

* Enigmas of Life: by W. R. Greg. London: Trubner & Co. 1872.

The religious views in which we have been brought up, inevitably colour to the last our tone of thought on all cognate matters, and largely affect the manner and direction of our approach to them, even where every dogma of our early creed has been, if not abandoned, yet deprived of its dogmatic form, as well as of its original logical or authoritative basis. Not only are doctrines often persistently retained, though the old foundations of them have been undermined or surrendered—but beliefs that have dwelt long in the mind leave indelible traces of their residence years after they have been discarded and dislodged. It would be more correct to say that they linger with a sort of loving obstinacy in their old abode, long after they have received formal notice to quit. Their chamber is never to the end of time quite swept and garnished. The mind is never altogether as if they had not been there. When a "yes" or "no" answer is demanded to a proposition, for and against which argument and evidence seem equally balanced, the decision is sure to be different in minds, one of which comes new to the question, while the other has held a preconceived opinion, even though on grounds which he now recognizes as erroneous or insufficient. It was my lot to inherit from Puritan forefathers the strongest impressions as to the great doctrines of religion, at a time when the mind is most plastic and most tenacious of such impressions—

"Wax to receive and marble to retain."

And though I recognize, as fully as any man of science, the hollowness of most of the foundations on which those impressions were based, and the entire invalidity of the tenure on which I then held them, yet I by no means feel compelled to throw up the possession merely because the old title-deeds were full of flaws. The existence of a wise and beneficent Creator, and of a renewed life hereafter, are still to me beliefs—especially the first—very nearly reaching the solidity of absolute convictions. The one is almost a Certainty, the other a solemn Hope. And it does not seem to me unphilosophic to allow my contemplation of life, or my speculations on the problems it presents, to run in the grooves worn in the mind by its antecedent history, so long as no dogmatism is allowed, and no disprovable datum is suffered for a moment to intrude.

The feeling which dictates this plea is as little sceptical as that which makes the firmest believer cling to his creed—nay, it is almost, if we may be permitted to say so, a more pure and unmixed Faith than are those beliefs which are founded upon authority, either human or divine—on Revelation itself, the great final authority in which Christians trust. Mr. Greg rejects the idea of Revelation as a folly; he smiles at authority in matters of the mind. He believes—because, as we have said, he cannot help it; because he had Puritan forefathers—because

once when he was young he believed. In short, he does what the weakest of us do, what the most illogical do: he believes because he believes. Honour to the philosopher who dares to say so! Let those scoff at him who will, he shall have no scorn from us. We may grieve that he can proceed no further—that he cannot go in at the doors open to us, or see what it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive; but for this vindication, even though uttered somewhat against his will, of pure Faith without foundation or reason, he is to be thanked, almost more deeply than is another man who feels himself able to speak with fuller certainty and a more definite hope. This confession is a triumph of that something above nature, above reason, above all that can be taught or learned: that something ineffable, incomprehensible in us, which makes us what we are—which cannot be altogether destroyed by brutality, nor altogether eliminated by intellect; and which makes us, on the whole, very indifferent to Mr. Darwin's monkeys, even could we see them in actual process of development. Tails are one thing—but souls are quite another thing. The appendage might be got rid of; but the other is not to be got rid of nor accounted for. And here it stands, clear-shining, ineffable, poising on angels' wings over the big brain of this thinker, as over the smallest brain of any one of us. We trust and hope that there is a great deal more of this kind of faith present in the world at this doubting and doubtful period, than the Christian critics of the time have any idea of. It is a Faith which has little to say for itself, which sometimes may be somewhat ashamed of itself; but its very shame and its avowed want of absolute foundation are its most valuable qualities. It is like the testimony of an unwilling witness, of whom honour and truth demand that he should tell something which goes against the cause he favours.

Another curious peculiarity of the philosophy of our day is the modesty with which it avows its absolute inability to answer any of the questions it raises. The very name of Mr. Greg's volume shows his full acquiescence in this sentiment. To the deeper Enigmas of Life which he here proposes he offers no answer; he holds out no hope to us that any answer can ever be found by intellect or thought. It is true that to the less lofty—to those which concern the physical wellbeing and progress of man—he believes in the possibility of a limited and

conditional answer, but that only by the interposition of a philosophical millennium—a time when all men will do justly and love mercy, when sanitary science shall vanquish disease, when Peace shall have a universal reign, when men shall learn in all things how much better and more comfortable it is for themselves to do well than to do ill, and vice and dyspepsia shall alike vanish from the face of the earth. We have no disposition to assail with harsh criticism this foolishness of wisdom. We remember that another philosopher, more celebrated still than Mr. Greg, once proposed the same summary and delightful remedy for the woes, not of the world, but of that small part of it called Ireland: Let every man but do his duty; let all be good, sober, virtuous, honest, and peaceable, as it was right to be, and lo, at once, without beating about the bush, or search after elaborate political panaceas, the remedy was found! So said Bishop Berkeley a hundred years ago. An older philosopher still—Francis, of the town of Assisi, in Umbria—held similar yet still wider views. His cure for Turk and Infidel was, not to crusade against them with armies and chivalry, but—the simplest thing, which any poor monk was good for—to convert them! In such company Mr. Greg need not be ashamed to stand; and if he, too, dreams of a time when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the sucking child lay its hand on the cockatrice' den, we will not attempt to smile down his hope as a devout imagination, as, we fear, did we venture to breathe a word of the millennium of the Apocalypse, he would do to us. No; that obstinate hope in human nature, which is one of the highest symptoms of the possibilities in us, is not one which we can cast any scorn at; but the philosopher's faith in it is yet another proof of the endless potency of that principle which he despises scientifically, but which in the blessed inconsistency of human nature hangs by him still.

In the paper called "Realizable Ideals," Mr. Greg sets forth candidly enough the absolute want of foundation for any such hope. Though he makes much—more a great deal than we should be disposed to make—of those external signs of progress which everybody dins into our ears—the railway, the telegraph, gas, &c.—he acknowledges that man has reached no corresponding advancement; that neither thinker nor poet has gone beyond the range of Plato and Homer; and that the Athenians some two thousand years

ago raised themselves "to the highest summit which any nation has yet reached—the culminating point of human intelligence." To be able to think is surely a greater gift, after all that can be said, than to be able to flash a possibly foolish message from one end of the world to the other in twelve minutes. Almost the only way in which we can consider this latter privilege as an unmingled boon, is either when it works in the service of the affections and relieves the anxious, or when it is used in the royal work of government, facilitating the action of a central authority or summoning aid to a dependency in peril;—yet we all know that in both these cases the telegraph has probably done as much harm as good, torturing the absent who cannot be of any service to a sufferer with all the fluctuations of his malady, and confusing and stultifying the unhappy State subordinate, who is now never out of reach of an ignorant chief, nor allowed to act as his superior local knowledge sees fit. We cannot see how this merely external agency, great as it is, could, even if it had no *défauts de ses qualités*, be either an intellectual or moral influence affecting the minds or wills of men. And certainly its existence is no balance whatever to the confessed non-existence of any marked and general elevation of intellect or wisdom in man. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Greg still holds his ideal as realizable. Everything is possible. It is true he grants that we may still go on as we have done for past centuries; that "passion may still be in the ascendant, speaking in a louder tone than either interest or duty." "It may be so," he says, and thus proceeds to explain what hope is in him of better things:—

But there are three sets of considerations which point to a more hopeful issue: the inevitably vast change which cannot fail to ensue when all the countless influences which have hitherto been working perversely in a wrong direction shall turn their combined forces the other way; the *reciprocally reacting and cumulative* operation of each step in the right course; and the illimitable generations and ages which yet lie before humanity ere the goal be reached. Our present condition, no doubt, is discouraging enough; we have been sailing for centuries on a wrong tack, but we are beginning, though only just beginning, to put about the helm. What may we not rationally hope for, when the condition of the masses shall receive that concentrated and urgent attention which has hitherto been directed permanently, if not exclusively, to furthering the interests of more favoured ranks? What, when charity, which

for centuries has been doing mischief, shall begin to do good? What, when the countless pulpits that, so far back as history can reach, have been preaching Catholicism, Anglicanism, Presbyterianism, Calvinism, Wesleyanism, shall set to work to preach Christianity at last? Do we ever even approach to a due estimate of the degree in which every stronghold of vice or folly overthrown exposes, weakens, and undermines every other;—of the extent to which every improvement, social, moral, or material, makes every other easier;—of the countless ways in which physical reforms react on intellectual and ethical progress?

What a gradual transformation—transformation almost reaching to transfiguration—will not steal over the aspect of civilized communities, when, by a few generations during which Hygienic science and sense shall have been in the ascendant, the restored health of mankind shall have corrected the *morbid exaggeration* of our appetites; when the more questionable instincts and passions, less and less exercised and stimulated for centuries, shall have faded into comparative quiescence; when the disordered constitutions, whether diseased, criminal, or defective, which now spread and propagate so much moral mischief, shall have been eliminated; when sounder systems of education shall have prevented the too early awakening of natural desire; when more rational because higher and soberer notions of what is needful and desirable in social life, a lower standard of expenditure, wiser simplicity in living, shall have rendered the gratification of these desires more easy; when little in comparison shall be needed for a happy home, and that little shall have become generally attainable by frugality, sobriety, and toil? It surely is not too Utopian to fancy that our children, or our grandchildren at least, may see a civil state in which wise and effective legislation, backed by adequate administration, shall have made all violation of law—all habitual crime—obviously, inevitably, and instantly a losing game, and therefore an extinct profession; when property shall be respected and not coveted, because possessed or attainable by all; when the distribution of wealth shall receive, both from the Statesman and the Economist, that sedulous attention which is now concentrated exclusively on its acquisition; and when, though relative poverty may still remain, actual and unmerited destitution shall everywhere be as completely eliminated as it has been already in one or two fortunate and limited communities. Few, probably, have at all realized how near the possibility at least of this consummation may be. An intellectual and moral change—both within moderate and attainable limits—and the adequate and feasible education of all classes, would bring it about in a single generation. If our working men were as hardy, enduring, and ambitious as the better specimens of the Scotch peasantry, and valued instruction as much, and if they were as frugal, managing, and saving as the French peasantry, the work would be very near completion. . . .

It may sound romantic, at the end of a decade which has witnessed, perhaps, the two most fierce and sanguinary wars in the world's history, to hope that this wretched and clumsy mode of settling national quarrels will ere long be obsolete; but no one can doubt that the commencement of higher estimates of national interests and needs, the growing devastation and slaughter of modern wars, the increased range and power of implements of destruction, which, as they are employable by all combatants, *will grow too tremendous to be employed by any*, and the increasing horror with which a cultivated age cannot avoid regarding such scenes, are all clear, if feeble and inchoate, indications of a tendency towards this blessed consummation.

Heaven forbid that we should sneer at any man for holding so hopeful a view. Yet of all unlikely things this philosophical Utopia seems to us the most unlikely—a thing absolutely without warrant from experience, and little justified, so far as we can see, by the only agencies which are avowedly at command—agencies wholly material, affecting our comfort, but neither touching our minds nor our hearts.

We have not time to do more than indicate Mr. Greg's curiously fine and searching argument on the question of prayer—a question so often and so disagreeably discussed of late days, with what seems to us equal ignorance and bad taste on the sceptical side of the question, and much feebleness on the Christian. Here once again the fine spiritual sense (if we may use such an expression) of which Mr. Greg is incapable of divesting himself, comes in, lifting the argument out of the vulgar circle in which it has been bandied about from one hand to another, into a clearer and serener air. Mr. Greg's eyes are too keen and too candid not to see that in this case, as in so many others, it is a mere question with all thinkers which set of difficulties they will choose to protect and patronize,—those which set forth the impossibility of disturbing the order of nature by the interposition of such an agent as prayer—or those which regard the still deeper impossibility of believing in a God and not appealing to Him. Mr. Greg considers both sides of the question carefully. He declares prayer to be "an inevitable consequence and correlative of belief in God," an "original and nearly irresistible instinct." "We cannot picture to ourselves," he says, with a force of expression which might well be consolatory to timid believers, "what our nature would be without it." He considers both sides

of the question—and he makes no answer to it. We especially recommend to the notice of the reader the few sentences in which he suggests the idea that any extraordinary or importunate search for human aid, such as those which love and wealth make continually, is as much an interference with the rigid sequence of nature as any appeal for divine aid can be. "If," he says, "as philosophers have maintained, we all and always live under the dominion of settled law; if the present in all points flows regularly and inexorably from the past; if all occurrences are linked together in one unfailling chain of cause and effect, and all are foreseen by Him whose foresight is unerring; if indeed they are mere portions of an order of events of which the motive power has been set in action from the beginning,—then is not aid rendered to us by our human friends *in consequence* of our entreaties—as an *effect* of that cause—as much a disturbance of the ordained law of sequence as if God Himself had directly aided us, in compliance with our prayers to Him?" This will show, though Mr. Greg gives no conclusion, and evidently feels no certain conclusion possible in such a question, that he treats it in a different spirit, and with a different feeling of its gravity and profound interest, from that which has shown itself in many recent arguments—arguments such as discredit science without having anything really to do with her—and which disgust us by that irreverence for human nature which is even more revolting to the human spirit than profanity towards God.

The most striking passages in Mr. Greg's volume will, however, be found in the last of its chapters—the singular and touching paper called "Elsewhere," in which, by way of showing the mistakes of "divines" in setting forth the conventionally religious view of future rewards and punishments (drawn, we presume, from the vulgarest type of old-fashioned sermons, but probably supposed by Mr. Greg to represent the preaching of his own day), he sets forth his own views on this profoundly interesting subject. The idea of entirely spiritual retribution is not an original one, and commends itself more completely to the mind than any other conception of final punishment. But though the idea is not new, it has seldom been more powerfully expressed. The following picture might probably be equalled in the pages of some "divine" of higher range and older date than those

Mr. Greg condemns; but we do not know where else, except in Isaiah, to find a more terrible or a more powerful picture of a real and spiritual hell:—

When the portals of this world have been passed, when time and sense have been left behind, and this "body of death" has dropped away from the liberated soul, everything which clouded the perceptions, which dulled the vision, which drugged the conscience while on earth, will be cleared off like a morning mist. *We shall see all things as they really are*—ourselves and our sins among the number. No other punishment, whether retributive or purgatorial, will be needed. Naked truth, unfiled eyes, will do all that the most righteous vengeance could desire. Every now and then we have a glimpse of such perceptions while on earth. Times come to us all when the passions, by some casual influence or some sobering shock, have been wholly lulled to rest, when all disordered emotions have drunk repose

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air."

and when for a few brief and ineffectual instants the temptations which have led us astray, the pleasures for which we have bartered away the future, the desires to which we have sacrificed our peace, appear to us in all their wretched folly and miserable meanness. From our feelings *then* we may form a faint imagination of what our feelings will be hereafter, when this occasional and imperfect glimpse shall have become a perpetual flood of light, irradiating all the darkest places of our earthly pathway, piercing through all veils, scattering all delusions, burning up all sophistries; when the sensual man, *all desires and appetites now utterly extinct*, shall stand amazed and horror-struck at the low promptings to which he once yielded himself up in such ignominious slavery, and shall shrink in loathing and shame from the reflected image of his own animal brutality; when the hard, grasping, sordid man, *come now into a world where wealth can purchase nothing, where gold has no splendour, and luxury no meaning*, shall be almost unable to comprehend how he could ever have so valued such unreal goods; when the malignant, the passionate, the cruel man, *everything which called forth his vices now swept away with the former existence*, shall appear to himself as he appeared to others upon earth, shall hate himself as others hated him on earth. We shall see, judge, feel about all things there, perfectly and constantly, as we saw, judged, and felt about them partially in our rare better and saner moments her'. We shall think that we must have been mad, if we did not too well know that we had been wilful. Every urgent appetite, every boiling passion, every wild ambition, which obscured and confused our reason here below, will have been burnt away in the valley of the shadow of death; every subtle sophistry with which we blinded or excused ourselves on earth will have vanished before the clear glance of a disembodied spirit; nothing will intervene between us and the truth. Stripped

of all the disguising drapery of honeyed words and false refractions, we shall see ourselves as we are, and we shall judge ourselves as God has always judged us. Our lost or misused opportunities; our forfeited birthright; our glorious possibility—ineffable in its glory; our awful actuality—ineffable in its awfulness; the nature which God gave us—the nature we have made ourselves; the destiny for which He designed us—the destiny to which we have doomed ourselves; all these things will grow and fasten on our thoughts, till the contemplation must terminate in madness, were not madness a mercy belonging to the world of flesh alone. In the mere superior mental capacities, therefore, consequent upon spiritual life, we cannot fail to find all that is needed, or can be pictured, to make that life a penal and a purgatorial one. . . . But there is yet another retributive pang in wait for the sinful soul, which belongs to the very nature of that future world; namely, the severance from all those we love, who on earth have trod the narrower and better path. The affections do not belong to the virtuous alone: they cling to the sinner through all the storms and labyrinths of sin; they are the last fragments of what is good in him that he silences or lays aside or tramples out: they belong, not to the flesh but to the spirit; and a spiritual existence, even if a suffering one, will but give them fresh energy and tenacity, by terminating all that has been antagonistic to them here below. Who shall describe the yearning love of a disencumbered soul! Who can adequately conceive the passionate tenderness with which it will cling round the objects of its affection in a world where every other sentiment or thought is one of pain! Yet what can be more certain, because what more in the essential nature of things, than that the great revelation of the Last Day (or that which must attend and be involved in the mere entrance into the spiritual state) will effect a severance of souls—an instantaneous gulf of demarcation between the pure and the impure, the just and the unjust, the merciful and the cruel—immeasurably more deep, essential, and impassable than any which time, or distance, or rank, or antipathy could effect on earth? Here we never see into each other's souls: characters the most opposite and incompatible dwell together upon earth, and may love each other much, unsuspecting of the utter want of fundamental harmony between them. The aspiring and the worldly may have so much in common, and may both instinctively conceal so much, that their inherent and elemental differences may go undiscovered to the grave. The soul that will be saved and the soul that will be lost may cling round each other here with wild affection, all unconscious of the infinite divergence of their future destiny. The mother will love her son with all the devotion of her nature, in spite or in ignorance of his unworthiness; that son may reciprocate his mother's love, and in this only be not unworthy: the blindness which is kindly given us hides so much, and affection covers such a multitude of

sins. The pure and holy wife and the frail and sinful husband can live together harmoniously, and can love fondly here below, because the vast moral gulf between them is mercifully veiled from either eye. But when the great curtain of ignorance and deception shall be withdrawn; "when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known;" when the piercing light of the Spiritual World shall at once and forever disperse those clouds which have hidden what we really are from those who have loved us, and almost from ourselves; when the trusting confidence of friendship shall discover what a serpent has been nourished in its bosom; when the yearning mother shall perceive on what a guilty wretch all her boundless and priceless tenderness has been lavished; when the wife shall at length see the husband whom she cherished through long years of self-denying and believing love, revealed in his true colours, a wholly alien creature;—what a sudden, convulsive, inevitable because natural, separation between the clean and the unclean will then take place! The gulf which has always existed is recognized and felt at last; corruption can no longer assort with incorruption; the lion cannot lie down with the lamb, nor the leopard with the kid. One flash of light has done it all. The merciful delusions which held friends together upon earth are dispersed, and the laws of the mind must take their course and divide the evil from the good. But though the link is severed, the affection is not thereby destroyed. The friend, the husband, the lover, the son, thus cut adrift by a just and natural though bitter retribution, *love still*; nay, they love all the more fervently, all the more yearningly, in that they now discern with unclouded vision all that bright beauty, all that rich nature of the objects of their tenderness, of which their dim eyesight could on earth perceive only a part. Then will begin a RETRIBUTION indeed, the appropriate anguish, the desolate abandonment of which, who can paint, and who will be able to bear! To see those we love, as we never loved till then, turn from our grasp and our glance of clasping and supplicating fondness with that unconquerable loathing which virtue *must* feel towards guilt, and with which purity *must* shrink from stain: to see those eyes, never turned on us before save in gentleness and trust, now giving us one last glance of divine sadness and ineffable farewell; to watch those forms, whose companionship cheered and illuminated all the dark places of our earthly pilgrimage, and once and again had almost redeemed us from the bondage and the mire of sin, receding, vanishing, melting in the bright distance, to join a circle *where they will need us not*, to tread a path to which ours bears no parallel and can make no approach; and THEN to turn inward and downward, and realize our lot, and feel our desolation, and reflect that we have earned it;—what has Poetry or Theology pictured that can compete with a Gehenna such as this!

The spiritual heaven which Mr. Greg

offers to our view in contrast with this tremendous sketch of possibilities is less striking and less fine—as, we fear, a Paradise must always be. We do not know whether, if Mr. Greg should ever see these pages, he would be interested personally to know the effect produced by the reading of this article upon a simple soul with no great reason to render for the faith that is in her. This woman fell a-crying as she closed the book, and burst forth into a broken prayer (all his arguments notwithstanding) that a man so near the kingdom of heaven might have the Christ in whom she trusted yet revealed to him. Such a conclusion is not frequent with such a book.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SOUTH SEA SLAVERY: KIDNAPPING AND MURDER.

As far back as 1868 the deportation of the South Sea Islanders had challenged the attention of the British Government. It was known that one of our Australian colonies, Queensland, was regularly importing labour from the Pacific for plantation work; and though there were few instances—we believe only one well-authenticated—of these natives being treated with neglect on a Queensland station, it was notorious that they were not all there voluntarily, but that many had been enticed on board the vessels and forcibly deported. In fact, so far as the actual procuring of labour, the trade was kidnapping. The Queensland Legislature, to their credit, stepped in and passed an act to regulate Polynesian labour. Since then the traffic has been carried on as free from abuses as may be. We use the qualification advisedly; for though we rise from a perusal of the voluminous blue-books on the subject with a conviction that Queensland has purged herself from the odium of a slave state, we maintain that no regulations can control the procuring of coolie labour. No one who considers the hundreds of islands scattered about the Pacific, the various dialects and languages, the powers of the chiefs over the tribes, and the possibilities of agents treating with the chiefs, will imagine that the Kanaka always comes on board, *suâ sponte*, or understands the nature of the agreement he signs.

With the Queensland legal labour traffic, however, we are not at present con-

cerned. But in drawing the picture we propose of the murder, fraud, outrages, and piracy of the South Pacific slave trade, we are anxious to do Queensland the justice she is entitled to. Her Government places a paid agent on board each vessel employed between the islands and the colony, as a check upon decoying and kidnapping, and has met the overtures of the Home Government by undertaking the cost of prosecutions brought by imperial cruisers before their Supreme Court. Apart and distinct from Queensland, another community, in the heart of the Pacific, was crying out for the importation of labour.

In 1859, Mr. Pritchard, H. M. Consul in Fiji, came to England to communicate the cession by the King Cacoban (Thakoban, Thakoban) to her Majesty of the Fiji Islands. What he offered was the actual sovereignty over the whole group, ratified by all the chiefs assembled in council. The Government thereupon despatched Col. Smythe, R. A., and Dr. Berthold Seemann, a name well known to botanists, to investigate on the spot. Colonel Smythe reported, in opposition to the views of several naval officers who had served in those waters, that annexation was not to the interest of Great Britain, asserting that it was not in the power of the King to carry out his engagements—an assertion which we can find nothing in the records of the mission to warrant. The Government acted upon this report, and Capt. Jenkins, in H. M. S. *Miranda*, was ordered to Fiji to communicate the decision. Fiji was left to follow its own devices, and work out its own salvation, with, we may well add, fear and trembling. Meanwhile it was gradually attracting to its shores a population, mixed indeed, but mainly drawn from the Australian continent. Some were undoubtedly men of genuine enterprise, drawn by the promise of successful cotton-planting; but the majority were the waifs and strays, the Bohemians of Australia, many of them bankrupt in name and fortune. On December 31st, 1871, the number of white residents had reached 2,040, scattered over several islands, while the native population was rated 146,000. There has been a steady increase since.

In 1864 the Europeans in Fiji, in need of labour for their cotton-growing, turned their attention to the New Hebrides as a source of supply. In 1867 the New Hebrides missionaries of the Reformed Presbyterian Church furnished a statement to the Synod in Scotland, which

very circumstantially sought to prove the native traffic was simply a slave-trade. Readers will, according to their bias, attach more or less credence to the assertions of missionaries. Where these latter encounter traders and settlers on the same semi-barbarous soil, jealousies will exist and counter-accusations be bandied: and the Pacific has proved no exception. Admiral Guillaín, the Governor of New Caledonia, stated to Captain Palmer, of H. M. S. *Rosario*, that the missionaries at the Loyalty Islands connived at the kidnapping, and engaged in trade with the natives. Be that as it may, Captain Palmer ascertained that between May 1865 and June 1868, a brisk trade in natives had been carried on by British vessels.

By August 1869 Lord Clarendon had grounds to write: "A slave-trade with the South Sea Islands is gradually being established by British speculators for the benefit of British settlers. . . . Reports of entry are evaded, fictitious sales of vessels are made, kidnapping is audaciously practised. . . . An intolerable responsibility will be thrown upon her Majesty's Government if the present state of things as regards the introduction of immigrants into the Fiji islands is allowed."

Bishop Patteson, in a letter to the Bishop of Sydney, writes (1868): "I am very anxious as to what I may find going on, for I have conclusive moral (though, perhaps, not legal) proof of very disgraceful and cruel proceedings on the part of traders kidnapping natives and selling them to the French in New Caledonia and in Fiji, and, I am informed, in Queensland. Whatever excuses may be (and have been) made as to the treatment they receive at the hand of the planters, and the protection they may have from a consul when landed, it is quite certain that no supervision is exercised over the traders at the islands. All statements of 'contracts' made with wild native men are simply false. The parties don't know how to speak to each other, and no native could comprehend the (civilized) idea of a 'contract.' One or two friendly men, who have been on board these vessels (not in command), and were horrified at what they saw, have kindly warned me to be on my guard, as they may retaliate (who can say unjustly or unreasonably, from their point of view?) upon the first white men they see, connecting them naturally with the perpetrators of the crime."

The existence of a systematic slave-

trade was established beyond a doubt. The rapid increase of white settlers, and the demand for black labour, were alike favourable to the "blackbird-catching," as the term goes, in the South Seas. The market was expanding, and the article rising in value. It was not to be expected that the men who were engaged in this nefarious traffic would be very scrupulous as to the means employed for catching the natives, or squeamish as to their treatment on shipboard. Murder was added to man-stealing. The horrors of the trade were increased by native reprisals. Massacre was the only return these savages could make for the blessings of contact with the European trader: and on Sept. 28, 1871, at the island of Nukapu, Swallow group, John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, paid the debt his countrymen had incurred, and won the crown of martyrdom.

We cannot here attempt to do justice to the memory of that noble man and his noble work. Neither the one nor the other are to be introduced *ἐκ παρέρπου*. But no record of the South Sea slavery would be complete if it did not mention, however briefly, the story of its greatest victim.

Great as was the shock caused by the news of the Bishop's murder, and irreparable as seemed the loss, a more fitting end could not have been found to close such a life. We doubt if his life, if prolonged, could have wrought so much good as his death. No one in the Australian and Pacific Seas affects to question that it was the result of kidnapping and murdering which had been going on unchecked in the Melanesian group. Those who know the Pacific, know that revenge is a religious duty binding upon the whole tribe, and threatening every member of the wrongdoer's tribe. All the circumstances of the Bishop's murder prove it to have been a premeditated, prearranged act, executed for tribal reasons, without *personal* animosity against the victim. The body was un mutilated save by the death-stroke, and it was placed in a canoe that it might float back to his own people.

It now remains to sketch the practices of the traders in procuring labour, and the atrocities perpetrated on the voyage. Unfortunately for the credit of our countrymen in Australia, fortunately for the case we desire to state, we have no need to cite "missionary yarns," nor quote from a volume which contains such unwarranted aspersions of the New South

Wales authorities as Captain Palmer's "Kidnapping in the South Seas."* Nor have we very far back to travel in point of time. On the 19th of November, 1872, at the Central Criminal Court at Sydney, Joseph Armstrong, James Clancy, S. M'Carthy, William Turner, George Woods, John Bennett, Thomas Shields, and Augustus Shiegott were charged with having on the 20th February, 1872, on board a British vessel called the *Carl*, unlawfully assaulted, beaten, wounded, and ill-treated a man named Jage, the said prisoners being master and part of the crew of the said vessel. On the following day Armstrong (the captain) and Dowden were tried for murder on the high seas. Clancy, M'Carthy, Turner, Woods, and Shiegott were sentenced to two years' imprisonment, Armstrong and Dowden to death. When the news reached Melbourne, the Victorian Government at once put their police in motion to arrest any persons in Victoria who might be implicated. Two men, Messrs. H. C. Mount and Morris, were arrested, brought before the Police-court on December 5th, and committed for trial on the capital charge. On the 19th and 20th they stood their trial in the Supreme Court, before the Chief Justice, a verdict of manslaughter being returned. From the evidence given in the respective courts, we shall construct a narrative of the case.

On June 8th, 1871, the brig *Carl* left Melbourne for Leonka, Fiji. Her owner, Dr. James Patrick Murray, sailed as supercargo. On arrival, having changed her captain and crew, she started on her first kidnapping expedition in Western Polynesia, returning to Fiji to dispose of her labour. On a second voyage Dr. Murray was attacked by serious illness, and brought to death's door. Whether from genuine repentance, remorse, or sheer fright at the prospect of death, on the return of the *Carl* to Leonka, Dr. Murray, the instigator and principal of the bloody deeds we have to relate, dis-

closed the secrets of the voyage to Mr. Marsh, British consul, who admitted him Queen's evidence, and gave him a certificate to that effect, to be his protection in Sydney. The New South Wales Government felt bound to abide by this action of the consul, and Dr. Murray was admitted "approver," and formed the principal witness in the case. In Victoria, Matthias, Devescote, one of the crew, who was arrested on the same charge as Mount and Morris, was accepted as Queen's evidence. We have no need to add to the horrors of the picture by any heightening of the colours. No descriptive language based upon the evidence could leave half such an impression as the plain, unvarnished disclosures of the agents who told the tales of their own deeds.

James Patrick Murray deposed: "I am a medical man. I was part owner of the British ship *Carl*, sailing under British colours. I was first residing at Melbourne. We left Melbourne for Leonka, with passengers, on a cotton-plantation speculation. . . . We tried to get labour in a legitimate way, but without success. The next island we went to was Palma, and there we tried to get labour by that again; we were however not able to capture the natives at that island. One of the passengers (Mr. Mount), dressed as a missionary, attempted to lure the natives on board, but it failed. . . . We went on to several islands, and captured the natives, generally by breaking or upsetting their canoes and by getting the natives out of the water into which they were plunged. We broke up the canoes by throwing pig iron into them. The passengers used to pick up the natives, and used sometimes to hit them on the head, in the water, with clubs, or with sling-shot when they dived to get out of the way. And so on from island to island. In a short time we had about eighty natives on board. . . . On the 12th or 13th of September there was a disturbance during the night. . . . On the following night it commenced again, and the man on the watch fired a pistol over the hatchway, and shouted, to frighten them, as on the previous night. Other methods were tried to quiet them, but all the methods failed; the men below (natives) appeared to be breaking down the bunks, and with the poles so obtained they armed themselves, as with spears, and fiercely attacked the main hatchway. They endeavoured to force up the main hatchway with their poles. The row now appeared to have started in a fight be-

* Lord Kimberley, in a despatch to Lord Belmore of 8th January, 1872, writes: "I request that your lordship will inform Mr. Robertson that, in my opinion, his statement completely exonerates the Government of the Colony from the charges brought against them by Captain Palmer in the work in question." Captain Palmer, in a letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, 27th January, 1872, withdraws all the expressions complained of, "and I have only to add that the paragraphs alluded to shall be expunged if my book should go through another edition." But the book may not reach a second edition, and many who have taken their impressions from the first will not see the Parliamentary correspondence from which we quote. The best cause is damaged by such intemperate zeal.

tween the quiet natives and the wild ones. Most of the wild ones were battering at the hatch. The attempts to pacify the men below having failed, the crew commenced to fire on them. The firing was kept up most of the night. I think everyone on board was more or less engaged in firing down the hold. . . . During the night, by way of directing aim, Mr. Wilson, one of the passengers, threw lights down into the hold." At daylight it appeared "there were about sixteen badly wounded and above eight or nine slightly. In the hold there was a great deal of blood with the dead bodies. The dead men were at once thrown overboard. The sixteen badly wounded were also thrown overboard. . . . I saw that the men so thrown overboard were alive. We were out of sight of the land. Some were tied by the legs and by the hands."

R. Wilson, a passenger, corroborated Murray's witness in the main.

George Heath, a seaman, gave evidence not so favourable to Murray, as that miscreant had suppressed certain facts. On the night of the disturbance "saw Dr. Murray with a musket in his hand singing the song 'Marching through Georgia.' At daylight a party went into the fore-hatch and fired in amongst the natives. Believed it was Murray and another man now in Leonka."

We must not omit that the poor wretches who were not butchered, were, on their way to Leonka, taught to hold up their fingers and to say "three yam," meaning three years, as though they had agreed to give three years' service.

On one of the prisoners, a warder in the Sydney gaol found a log of the cruise. We give some specimens.

"Monday, 15th January (1872). Got five men down in the fore-castle threading beads, and hauled the ladder up. Five more were laid hold of on deck and shoved down in the hold. The ship was then got under way for Santo.—January 22. At night, in the first watch, one of the stolen blacks slipped over the rail: whether he fetched the land or was drowned, I don't know.—February 4. Got under way, and went closer in shore. This day stole twelve natives—four women and eight men. One woman came off to give them warning and she got nailed.—February 9. Stole four men. Three swam for the reef. Lowered boats and picked them up. Kept one. The other two were old men. Took them on shore, and three came on board to take canoe on shore, and were kept on board.

However they got two women for the old man.—February 27. Mem. of Malgrave Islanders jumping overboard and fired at.—March 5. Cook going to clear out, but brought up quick with a pistol, after which he went to sleep." But we need not multiply these revelations.

The evidence given on the trial of Mount and Morris in Melbourne supplies some particulars not elicited in the Sydney trial, and we shall give such extracts as appear to us to throw additional light on the incidents of this iniquitous slave-trade.

Matthias Devescote deposed: "We fitted up the hold with saplings. When I saw that the poles were taken in, I thought that the pearl-fishing expedition was cooked then, but it was too late to back out. . . . I heard Dr. Murray say (this was off Palma), 'This is a big ship, and we can make it pass for a missionary ship. If we disguise ourselves we can get some of the natives to come on board, and can then put them down below.'" Another witness will supplement this:—

James Fallon deposed: "The captain and Wilson went ashore. The former turned a coat inside out and put it on. Wilson dressed himself in an unusual way. Mick, a sailor, put on a blue coat, and old Bob, one of the Kanakas, put something round his cap. Mount was dressed in a long red shirt and smoking-cap, but he did not go ashore. They said they would dress like missionaries. Mount got up on top of the house on deck and walked about. He held a book in his hand. The ship was anchored about a couple of hundred yards from the shore. . . . Wilson commenced singing 'Marching through Georgia' and 'Wait for the Tide.' Wilson tore out some of the leaves of a book he had with him and gave them to the natives, who fell upon their knees before he commenced to sing. They were kneeling down all round him."

Devescote relates when the canoes were alongside: "I had heard Murray say to the captain to get all ready, and he would give the word of command. Murray said, 'Are you ready, Captain?' and he said 'Yes,' and Murray said 'When I say one—two—three, let the men jump on the canoes.' This was done. . . . Dr. Murray would say, 'Are you ready? Look out! one—two—three,' and then the crew would be lowered down, the canoes swamped, and the men thrown into the water. . . . The na-

tives were very bruised when they came on board, and the bilge-water of the two boats was mixed with blood. . . . Canoes were smashed again, as usual." On the night of the row in the hold he saw "Scott, Dr. Murray, Captain Armstrong and others firing down into the hold. . . . At one o'clock in the morning the mate raised a cry that the natives had charge of the deck, and Dr. Murray called out, 'Shoot them, shoot them; shoot every one of them.' At four o'clock everything was quiet. . . . One of the crew said, 'Why, there is not a man dead in the hold,' and Mount said, 'That is well.' Dr. Murray put down his coffee and went forward. He was absent about five minutes, and then returned and fetched his revolver. *The second mate got an inch auger and bored some holes in the bulkheads of the fore-cabin, through which Dr. Murray fired. . . . The first and second mates fired as well. After a bit Dr. Murray came aft. Lewis, the second mate, said, 'What would people say to my killing twelve niggers before breakfast?' Dr. Murray replied, 'My word, that's the proper way to pop them off.' Lewis said, 'That's a fine plan to get at them,' meaning the holes bored in the bulkhead.*" The throwing over of the wounded is told—the first, a boy, wounded in the wrist, being pushed overboard by Murray. The dead were hauled up by a bowline, and thrown overboard—thirty-five. The hold was washed, scrubbed, and cleaned up, and ultimately whitewashed. The vessel was boarded subsequently by an officer from H. M. S. *Rosario*, but he seems to have left satisfied. Murray wanted to procure more labour, but after this last butchery passengers and crew alike refused to have any more of such work.

The consular inspection was as perfunctory as the man-of-war's. "We had about fifty natives when we reached Leonka. Consul March then came on board and passed these natives. He asked Lewis, the supercargo, who was also second mate, how he got the natives. Of course Lewis swore he got them in a proper manner. The consul asked Lewis if the natives could answer to their names, and Lewis said 'Yes.' 'Then,' said the consul, 'will you swear you got these men by right means?' 'Yes,' said Lewis. 'How long were they engaged for?' 'Three years,' said Lewis. One of the niggers was then called, and asked by the supercargo, 'How long? How many yams?' The poor innocent nig-

ger held up three fingers and said, 'Three fellow yams.' The consul then said the men were passed, and that was all the inquiry he had made. Lewis was the interpreter. There was no other." This is one of the heroes of the auger-hole butchery. Could this farce be exceeded?

We have selected the latest and best-authenticated case of slavery in the South Seas. But these atrocities have been paralleled within the last few years, and the *Carl* brig is no singular offender. Two points, however, are prominently brought out by this case—the uselessness of our war-ships for the purpose of regulating the traffic by overhauling and examining the labour-vessels, and the farce of consular inspection. The *Carl* was boarded from H. M. S. *Rosario*, not long after the massacre, and no suspicion excited. The survivors of the massacre were examined by Consul March. If the examination was as superficial as stated in evidence, we need not wonder that such a humbug and sham left the natives where it found them. The regulation of this traffic is a myth. Consul March has swelled the blue-books with the exhaustive and comprehensive system he has planned for preventing the abuses of the trade; and he has shown us his practical working of them.

The only satisfactory regulation is total suppression. Total suppression is the duty of Great Britain, and there is only one way to do it—viz. to convert the Fiji Islands into a British colony. The situation at present is full of difficulties awaiting solution. King Cacoban has blessed his subjects with a Constitution, and a responsible Ministry of seven—five of whom are whites—a Legislature, and a Chief Justice. A large number of British subjects have protested against the establishment of the Government there, and have announced their determination to resist it, on the ground that British subjects, who constitute the majority of the white population, cannot form themselves into a separate nation. Lord Kimberley has directed Colonial Governors to deal with it as a *de facto* Government. The Law Officers of the Crown have advised that her Majesty's Government may interfere with the acts of British subjects within Fiji, and that British subjects beyond the limits of the new state, not yet duly recognized, should not be accepted as citizens of the new state. Meanwhile, the British consul declines to give any official recognition to this Government, and according to the complaint of the leading

member of Cacoban's Cabinet, opposes it in every way, thwarts and impedes its every action, and encourages resistance to its authority.

If England would boldly assume the sovereignty of the Fijis, we should very shortly witness the extinction of the slave-trade, and the cessation of the native feuds, the civilization and settlement of the islands, the spread of the Christian religion, and the protection and welfare of the British subject. Had she accepted the offer made her in 1859, the South

Seas might have been spared the horrors and atrocities perpetrated by British man-stealers. The bulk of the white population would now gladly see her assume the sovereignty. Neither Cacoban nor his natives can feel very strongly about their Constitution or the Ministry of the day; and the Pacific Islanders would find established in their midst a power which would protect right by might.

EDWIN GORDON BLACKMORE.

House of Assembly, Adelaide.

IVORIES, ANCIENT AND MÆDÆVAL. — The earliest carvings on ivory extant are those found in the caves of Le Monstier and La Madelaine in the Dordogne, consisting of fragments of mammoth ivory and reindeer's bone incised or carved with representations of various animals. These were probably executed, says Sir John Lubbock, at "a time so remote that the reindeer was abundant in the south of France, and probably even the mammoth had not entirely disappeared." Of course the celebrated Egyptian and Assyrian ivories in the British Museum are modern compared with these. There are examples in that collection of the time of Moses, or 1800 B.C. Fifty Assyrian ivories, also there, show the characteristics of the art at that period. When sent to England by Mr. Layard, they were in a state of decay, but the decomposition was arrested, at the suggestion of Professor Owen, by boiling them in a solution of gelatine. The various substances included under the term ivory are the tusk of the elephant, the walrus, narwhal, and hippopotamus. To these we must add the fossil ivory, so often used in early carvings. This was obtained from Siberia, where the tusks of the mammoth are found along the banks of the large rivers. It is a curious fact that the largest tusks of ivory now procured would not furnish pieces as large as those which were used in the Middle Ages. There is every probability that the ancients softened the ivory, and could then enlarge the pieces. A fifteenth-century recipe in the British Museum directs that the ivory should be placed in muriatic acid, and it will become as soft as wax. By being placed in white vinegar, it hardens again. The Greeks used ivory to decorate their couches, and also shields and arms. Greek sculptors did not think it beneath them to work in the substance. Pausanias has left us an account of some of these early statues which he saw on his travels, among them an ivory statue of Venus, at Megara, by Praxiteles; one of Hebe, by Naucydes; an ivory and gold example, the work of Phidias, at Elis; and the coffer which the Cypselidæ sent as an offering to Olympia, c. 600 B.C. Ivories of this period

are of the utmost rarity. The British Museum fortunately possesses several examples which may fairly be considered the work of Greek artists. Early Roman specimens are also extremely scarce. The South Kensington Museum has a *plaque* of the second century, part of a cup, representing a sacrificial procession; and one leaf of a Roman diptych of the third century (the other portion being in the museum of the Hotel de Cluny), upon which a priestess is shown standing before an altar, sprinkling incense in a fire kindled upon it. In the Mayer Museum, at Liverpool, two leaves of a diptych are preserved, upon which Æsculapius and Hygieia are carved. These fine examples are probably of the third century. The following remarks by Mr. Maskell will show the interest and importance of mediæval ivories: — "From the middle of the fourth century down to the end of the sixteenth, we have an unbroken chain of examples, still existing. Individual pieces may, perhaps, in many instances be of questionable origin as regards the country of the artist, and sometimes with respect to the exact date within fifty, or even a hundred years. But there is no doubt whatever that, increasing in number as they come nearer to the middle ages, we can refer to carved ivories of every century preserved in museums in England and abroad. Their importance with reference to the history of art can not be overrated. There is no such continuous chain in manuscripts or mosaics, or gems or enamels. Perhaps, with the exception of manuscripts, there never was in any of these classes so large a number executed, nor the demand for them so great. The material itself, or the decorations by which other works were surrounded, very probably tempted people to destroy them; and we may thank the valueless character of many a piece of carved ivory, except as a work of art, for its preservation to our own days." The word diptych means anything doubled or folded, and, among the ancients, referred to tablets upon which wax was spread for writing. A diptych was in two portions, a triptych in three, and the outer portions of the leaves were ornamented with carving. — *Chambers's Journal*.